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A REMARKABLE "SITTING" BY A WILD TIGER: AN EXTRAORDINARY DAYLIGHT SNAPSHOT OF THE BEAST IN HIS LAIR—CLOSING HIS EYES FOR HIS AFTERNOON SIESTA.

None will deny that this is one of the most wonderful photographs of wild animal life ever taken. As is described in the remarkably interesting article on the next page, the tiger, who had sat on his haunches, like a dog, staring at the newcomers for some five minutes, decided to take a siesta in his retreat. Mr. Champion notes: "He lay, twelve yards away from us, with his mouth open, his sides heaving, yawning occasionally, sometimes rolling right over on his side and some-

times holding his head up, until his eyes began gradually to close with sleep. Every now and then he opened his eyes and looked at us, but always came to the conclusion that we were harmless, if somewhat boring, intruders who were disturbing his afternoon nap. He stayed there for perhaps a quarter of an hour, during which time we exposed all the plates we had, gradually going closer and closer until the last plate was exposed at a little under ten yards range."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. F. W. CHAMPION. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 148; AND OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 149, 168-169.)

THE WILD TIGER WHO GAVE DAYLIGHT "SITTINGS" FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH: A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE IN INDIA.

By F. W. CHAMPION.

THE following tiger-adventure shows that, even in the advanced twentieth century, it is occasionally possible to find remote forest tracts in which the denizens of the jungle remain unharried by death-dealing sportsmen and may be studied under undisturbed conditions. There is one such forest, which we sometimes have occasion to visit, in the foot-hills of the United Provinces, Himalayas, and this place has always held out to us possibilities of studying tigers at home, and as they were in India before the advent of fire-arms made them so extraordinarily shy and cunning that studying them and photographing them in their natural haunts becomes an exceedingly difficult task.

The first visit we made to this forest this touring season was at the beginning of the year, shortly after one of the very few sportsmen who come here had been seen by a large tiger as he was sitting in a *machan* over a buffalo which the tiger had killed. Our luck was, however, right out on that visit, as, although we should have obtained one good tiger photograph but for an unfortunate weak point in our arrangements, we had to leave without having made a single exposure, and after having lost, through illness, our much-beloved fox-terrier friend and companion.

Our second visit was far more successful, and provided us with the most interesting jungle experience it has ever been our good fortune to meet. We know the country and the habits of the local tigers well, and, on studying tracks on our arrival, we were delighted to find that, on the previous night, a tiger had gone up the jungle road to the head of the valley, which augured well for the future, in that we knew that a tiger going up this valley nearly always returns again within a few days by the same road, his exact length of stay depending upon what luck he has had with his hunting at the head of the valley. An orderly also saw a tiger, accompanied by a large cub, as he was coming into camp. We made our plans, therefore, on the assumption that the tiger would return by this road, and arranged our flashlight apparatus facing up the road towards the head of the valley, tying a buffalo bait about two miles further down, in case he should by chance miss the camera.

The first two nights we drew blanks. On the third morning, when going to see what luck we had had during the night, we were dreadfully disappointed to see tiger-tracks coming down the road below the camera, which suggested that one of three eventualities must have happened. Firstly, that the tiger had come on to the road below the camera; secondly, that he had seen the trip-wire and had gone round it; or, thirdly, that he had passed the wire, which had broken without completing the electric circuit—all of which had already happened during previous efforts at tiger-photography. A fourth possibility, which, from our previous experience of tigers did not seem possible, was that the tiger had taken his own photograph by flashlight at 13 ft. distance, and had still continued to come down the road as though nothing had happened. And this was what actually proved to be the case! The tiger, after receiving the flash full in the eyes, and producing the picture reproduced on pages 168-169—the type of picture which, incidentally, we have been trying continuously for the last two years to obtain—had jumped off the road into a neighbouring stream bed, but had come back again some two hundred yards below, had rolled in the sandy road, leaving a complete impression of himself in the dust, and had then proceeded to walk leisurely on as though nothing had happened! This gave us some idea of the extraordinary animal we were trying to photograph, as any ordinary tiger, after facing such a brilliant flash and loud report at so short a distance, would have gone right away at a tremendous pace in the other direction. Our friend, however, was evidently very little perturbed by his somewhat novel experiences, as he continued casually down the road for two miles, until he met our buffalo bait, which he

proceeded to kill and drag into the jungle to a distance of about 100 yards, in the usual tiger fashion.

As soon as we heard that the tiger had done the unexpected and killed the bait, we decided that we would make an attempt to stalk him on an elephant in the heat of the day, and the party (consisting of my wife and I, "A," a forest officer from Burma, and my Garhwali orderly, Mahendra Singh) started out on Balmati (the tame cow-elephant which has been such a willing helper in animal photography) at 2 p.m., hoping that we should find the tiger having his mid-day siesta somewhere near his kill. On reaching the spot where the buffalo had been killed, we put the reflex camera together, and, after my wife had received careful instructions as to the handing over of the extra slides in the unlikely event of meeting the tiger, and "A" had loaded a rifle in case of trouble, we proceeded to follow up the track left by the carcass of the buffalo as the tiger had dragged it into the jungle. We went very slowly and quietly, but my heart began to sink when I saw that the kill had been taken up a very rocky and steep dry mountain-torrent bed (*sol*), covered with enorm-

it was the tiger gazing at us from above, and perhaps deciding whether or not he would make one leap straight down into the middle of the four of us sitting quietly on the elephant's back below him! Even though he was only from fifteen to twenty feet away, he was extremely difficult to see in the bushes, and this suggests how often, when one is putting up a flashlight apparatus over a tiger "kill," the tiger watches the whole proceeding all unknown to the photographer, whom he might destroy with the greatest of ease at any time should he so desire. Luckily no tiger has so far felt this way inclined as far as we are concerned, but we propose to be a little more careful in future!

We sat for some five minutes watching the tiger in this way, as he was sitting on his haunches like a dog, peering at us hard, and opening and shutting his mouth at intervals, presumably from the effect of the heat. He then got up, apparently satisfied that we were not to be feared—if this tiger knows fear at all, which is doubtful—and strolled up the *sol*. When he moved, we moved the elephant back a little in the hope of getting a better view through the trees, and, as we were discussing the possibility

of taking Balmati round and getting at the tiger from above, we suddenly saw him slowly returning down the *sol* again. Down and down he came, nearer and nearer, and occasionally stopping to look at us. He was hot, and we could both see and hear him panting, with his mouth hanging down and his sides heaving, his evident desire being to return to the little pool of water near which he was lying when we first appeared on the scene. Finally, he decided to do this, and, going over to a cool patch of wet sand by the side of the pool, sat down with a heavy flop, evidently delighted at reaching his comfortable retreat again. Thus he lay, twelve yards away from us, with his mouth open, his sides heaving, yawning occasionally, sometimes rolling right over on his side and sometimes holding his head up, until his eyes began gradually to close with sleep. Every now and then he opened his eyes and looked at us, but always came to the conclusion that we were harmless, if somewhat boring, intruders, who were disturbing his afternoon nap. He stayed there for perhaps a quarter of an hour, during which time we exposed all the plates we had, gradually going

ing closer and closer, until the last plate was exposed at a little under ten yards range.

Unfortunately, the lighting conditions were dreadful, with little patches of brilliant sunlight coming through dense shade, to say nothing of intervening twigs and branches; so that the exposures of 1-35th sec. (the longest one can give off a swaying elephant) with f.5.6 left much to be desired in the resultant negatives. A further difficulty was that Balmati was standing amid fearfully rough boulders, which made her so uncomfortable that she blurred half the negatives by movement. When the last plate had been exposed, a discussion went on—with the tiger unconsciously enjoying his siesta ten yards away—as to whether he should be shot or not. It seemed cold-blooded murder to shoot, during his afternoon sleep, a tiger who obviously had never done man any harm, and had given us the eagerly-sought opportunity of taking daylight photographs of tigers. One simple shot, and all the life and movement would have gone from that beautiful striped body and could never be brought back again. "A" must have been terribly tempted, as he had never shot a tiger; but he managed to fight down the temptation, and it was finally agreed to leave the tiger to live his life in peace as far as we were concerned—although, unless he is more careful in future, his life is not likely to be a very long one. Lucky it was for that tiger that we felt like that, although, had we not done so, he would probably have been shot when he was first sighted, and certainly when he sat on the rock above us; and think what we should have missed! Few have ever seen a sight like that and few will ever do so, for it is rare for anyone not to take a certain chance of shooting a tiger, and it is even rarer for

[Continued on page 188.]



A REMARKABLE "SITTING" BY A WILD TIGER: ANOTHER DAYLIGHT SNAPSHOT OF THE BEAST IN HIS LAIR—THE AFTERNOON SIESTA.

A full description of the circumstances in which this extraordinary snapshot was taken is given in the article on this page; while another snapshot of the tiger in his lair is printed as the front page of this issue. Yet another amazing photograph of the beast appears on our double-page.—[Photograph by Mr. F. W. Champion. World Copyright Reserved.]

ous boulders, which made silent progress for the elephant almost impossible, and so overgrown with heavy jungle that instantaneous daylight photography seemed to be quite out of the question. However, matters began to brighten up a bit when Balmati started to raise her trunk and point with it in a way which made us almost certain that the tiger was not far off.

By now, our nerves were all worked up to a pitch of excitement, and we had not proceeded more than 100 yards in all, when "A" whispered: "There he is," and, sure enough, he was, about twenty-five yards ahead, walking slowly up the torrent bed, and having just left a small pool of water near which he had obviously been lying. We could only see the hind-quarters just disappearing, and there was no time to steady the elephant for an exposure, when, suddenly, Balmati trod on a dry, fallen branch, which broke with such a crash that there seemed no hope whatever of the tiger remaining in the vicinity any longer, and we hadn't made even a single exposure! Disappointed, we then took the elephant up to the place where the tiger had disappeared, in the hope of being able to follow him up; but, the ground being so rough and steep as to be impassable for an elephant, we stood by the side of the defunct buffalo, which was within a few feet of where the tiger had been lying, and discussed what to do. As we were doing this, my wife saw a slight movement behind some bushes a few feet above us up the steep hillside, and then again all was still and silent. We peered hard at the bushes where the movement had occurred, and gradually made out what appeared at first to be a splash of sunlight on a light-coloured rock. A further slight movement showed that

A MYSTERY PHOTOGRAPH: CUB WHERE ADULT SHOULD BE!

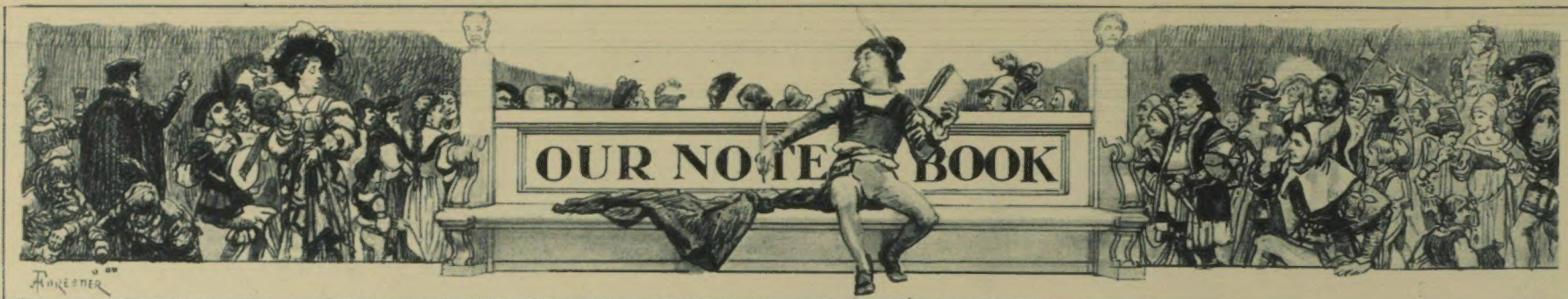
PHOTOGRAPH BY F. W. CHAMPION. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED. (SEE, ALSO, OUR DOUBLE-PAGE.)



FEASTING ON THE "KILL"—PROBABLY AT THE MOMENT IT FIRED THE FLASHLIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHED ITSELF:
THE SIX-FOOT TIGER CUB.

Mr. Champion expected that the photographic plate from which this print was made would show the obliging tiger who had allowed himself to be photographed in daylight (see our front page and the illustration on the opposite page), and had photographed itself by flashlight when it was coming down the jungle road.

When the plate was developed, however, the negative revealed, not the tiger, but the six-foot cub here seen. The presumption is that the cub reached the kill before the adult tiger, fired the flashlight, and then bolted; leaving the adult tiger to take a meal undisturbed when he, in turn, came on the scene.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I FANCY that a man grows less controversial as he grows more convinced. Perhaps the moment when he is most controversial is when he is convincing himself. I know that since my own views have grown much more settled and satisfied, I am less inclined than I was to go about incessantly contradicting everybody who contradicts them. There are several critics who have written amusingly about me, and whom it would amuse me very much to answer; but somehow there seems to be less and less time for such amusements. There are several learned and excellent persons with whom I have begun debates and afterwards allowed them to drop; but it does not disturb me as it might once have done. And this is not because I am any more drawn towards thinking they are right, but because I am far more securely and serenely certain that they are wrong. But I think it is most of all because, with fuller convictions, one comes to have larger views, and to see the wrongness not as an individual wrongness, but as a vast field of rich and abundant wrongness—an entrancing landscape and radiant vista of error. Why should I quarrel with Mr. Podder or Professor Snooks because they say pretty much what their banker and their barber and their butler would all equally say—what is, in fact, very much what my own barber does say, at no inconsiderable length? The real problem is why they all say it; it is not a personal but an impersonal question; it is a question of education. Anyhow, it is not a duel, an affair of honour. It is rather a battle or general engagement, an affair of patriotism.

Thus I wrote in this place some little time ago some remarks on Mr. Dreiser, the American novelist—or rather, on certain views or attitudes of his as interpreted by others like Mr. Mencken. I have since found this more theoretical side of the question developed even more fully by Mr. Milton Waldman in his series on "Contemporary American Authors" in the *London Mercury*. Mr. Waldman also takes more or less seriously the moral philosophy of Mr. Dreiser.

"The theory at the heart of Mr. Dreiser's work is that of human irresponsibility. He appears to believe that men's destinies are due fundamentally to no fault or weaknesses of their own, but that through some chemical quality in their composition they are pushed and pulled about for ends of which they are unaware. . . . Whether they are passive, as are Carrie Meeber and Jenny Gerhardt, or active, as Cowperwood, his Financier, or Witla, his Genius, forces within or without eventually lead them to a course of conduct discordant with society's petty laws and hence leading to destruction."

He then proceeds to quote from Dreiser himself passages descriptive of that novelist's bright and breezy view of life: "The damnable scheme of things which we call existence brings about conditions whereby whole masses suffer who have no cause to suffer. . . . We suffer for our temperament, which we did not make, and for our weaknesses and lacks, which are no part of our willing or doing. Who by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature? Who can make his brain better? His thoughts swifter? His courage greater? . . . They have their roots in inherited ability, in environment, in fortune, in a lucky star. There is no possible contradiction of this. It is so. So was it ever. So will it be from everlasting to everlasting."

Mr. Dreiser is equally infallible and final in his certitude about the moral and the cosmic law. To be honest and moral "did not matter at all in the ultimate substance and composition of the universe. . . . They were just accidental harmonies blossoming out of something which meant everything here to this order, nothing to the universe at large."

We might meekly observe that here in this order we generally strive for an order of words which does not needlessly talk about the blossoming of a harmony. But all Mr. Dreiser's most ardent admirers agree that his style is a sort of stale journalese, that lends itself easily to mixed metaphors. The real question here

I should have asked Mr. Theodore Dreiser quite a large number of questions. Why he says there can be no possible contradiction of the superstition which refers everything to a lucky star? Why he says that nobody has ever made his own courage greater, when it is a very ordinary experience of boys learning to ride or swim? How he knows exactly what things will be like from everlasting to everlasting? How, if "life is something bigger and subtler and darker than any given theory or order of living," one particular American journalist in the Middle West can possibly know so much about it as to be certain that it has no relation to our moral ideas; and why life is not too subtle for his own theory as much as for the rest?

But the point is that, in such a personal controversy, I should have concentrated on arguing with Mr. Dreiser, as I have in my time on Mr. Blatchford or Mr. Bernard Shaw or the Dean of St. Paul's. But I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Dreiser has got hold of these dreary ideas merely because they are drifting about. They are not his especially, but belong to thousands who have been left without a religion or a reasonable philosophy, at loose ends in the large cities of our time. What is the good of blaming Mr. Dreiser for putting into words the weariness and despair of a decaying industrial society? This mood must be attacked as a mood of the whole modern world, as something floating through the empty minds of thousands of the little industrial people whom Mr. Dreiser very vividly describes. In short, the problem is, as it were, a corporate problem, and in that sense an impersonal problem. It is a case for educating a mob.

Poets and such persons talk about the public as if it were some enormous and abnormal monster—a huge hybrid between the cow they milk and the dragon that drinks their blood. They always fall into a conventional way of talking about convention. They denounce the public to the authorities as orthodox, and even pious. They blast its career with a charge of respectability. They ruthlessly persecute the public with charges of private virtue; they convict the public of public decency. Such artists seem never tired of talking about the traditional creeds and conventional moralities of the public. I hope they are right; but

I fear that over great tracts of the modern world they are quite wrong. In a very large number of normal minds, or minds that ought to have been normal, everything has vanished except this vague and rather unmanly mood of fatalism and irresponsibility. The mind of the public, into which is poured the mind of Mr. Dreiser (in his capacity of best-seller) is already very like the mind of Mr. Dreiser. That is, it is an empty mind, so far as conviction and consistent philosophy are concerned, though full enough of impressions and images and imaginative inventions. So far as it has any philosophy, it is a philosophical resignation to its own helplessness—how can it add to its own courage? How indeed, if its philosophy asserts that it cannot even try? Education does not at present touch this popular pessimism; there is nothing in geography or algebra to teach a man a more spirited and honourable view of his destiny. But anyhow, "the theory at the heart of Mr. Dreiser's work" is not a theory at all. It is merely the echo of a murmur; we might almost say it is the echo of a silence.

A SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR READERS.

Following the editions of the wonderful colour-plates of Tutankhamen's Golden Outermost Coffin and the Golden Portrait Mask, respectively—which were sold out almost immediately after issue—we are now publishing another remarkable Plate in Full Colours illustrating

THE SOLID GOLD COFFIN

a reproduction of which appeared in our issue of July 17.

This coffin, the third and innermost, is notable not only from the fact that it was beaten out of £50,000 of bullion, but also that it was superbly engraved and adorned with cloisonné gold-work and semi-precious stones. It is, indeed, one of the finest works of art that ancient Egypt has yet yielded to the excavator.

The size of the actual colour reproduction is 17½ in. high by 9 in. wide, printed on thick paper, suitable for framing, and measuring 24½ in. by 15½ in.

A single proof will be delivered (post free) for 5s. 6d., or two proofs for 10s.

As the edition is strictly limited, applications should be addressed without delay to the Publishing Office, "Illustrated London News," 172, Strand, London, W.C.2.



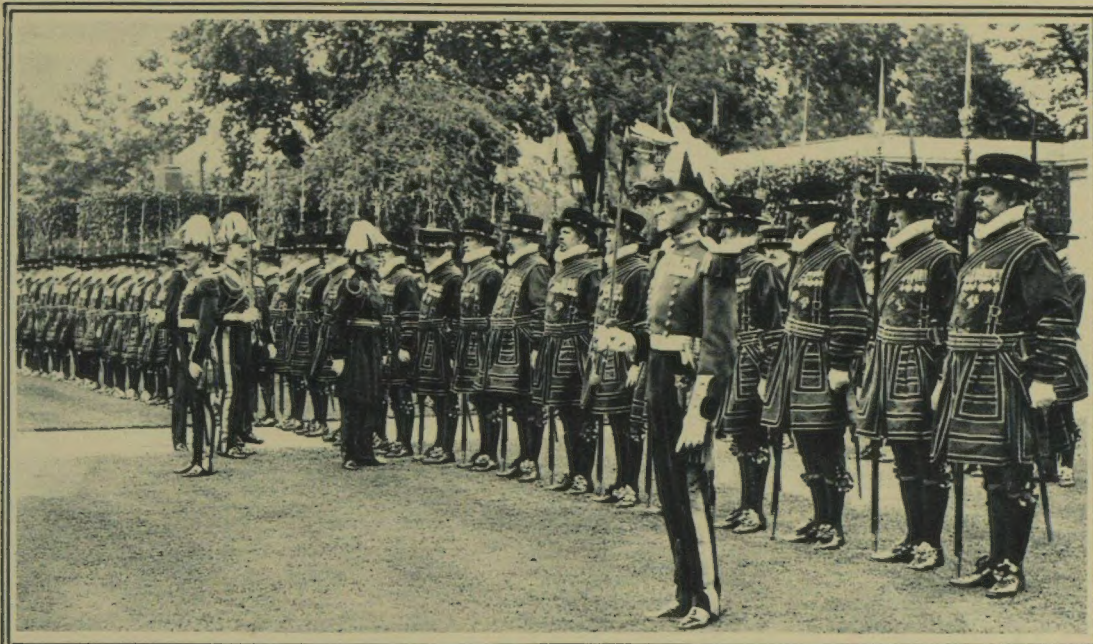
THE SOLID GOLD COFFIN OF TUTANKHAMEN.

is not merely of mixed metaphors, but of mixed ideas. Now I have known the time in my youth (as the poet says) when a man laying down the law in that dismal and diabolical style, calling all existence damnable and then saying that there could be no possible contradiction of his opinion, would have aroused one reader at least to contradict. I have known the day when anyone could have drawn me into controversy by saying that the scheme of things must be damnable from everlasting to everlasting. When I found a man who wrote that sort of stuff figuring at once as a hero of the highbrows and a best-seller among the mobs, I should be tempted to pick a purely intellectual quarrel with him. I should have rushed to that remote Transatlantic field in the spirit of the warrior in the "Battle of Lake Regillus"—

Mr. Theodore Dreiser, I have sought thee
Through many a bloody day;
One of us two, Mr. Theodore Dreiser,
Shall never more go home:
You will lay on for Higginsville, Neb., U.S.A.,
While I lay on for Rome.

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: EVENTS OF INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, CENTRAL NEWS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



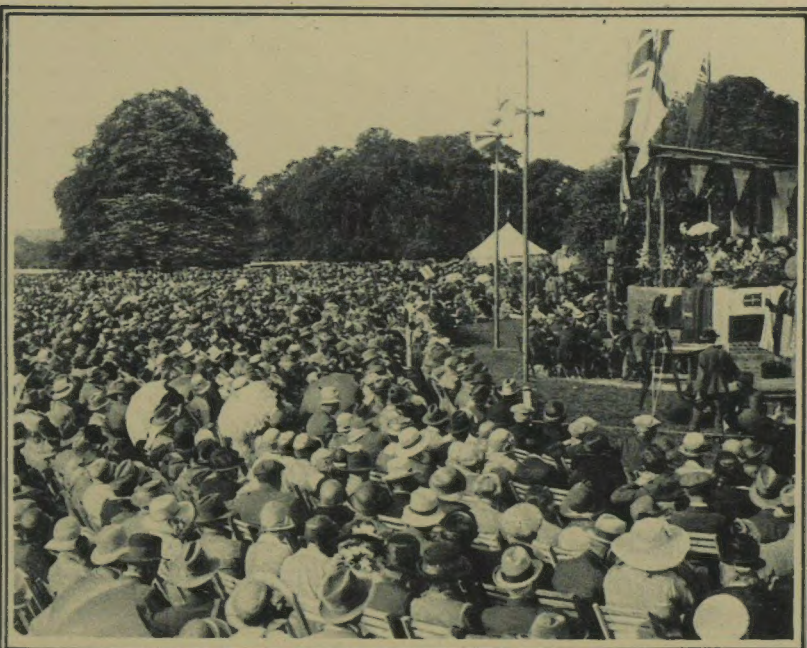
INSPECTING THE KING'S BODYGUARD OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, FOLLOWED BY LORD DESBOROUGH, WALKING DOWN THE LINE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.



TO BECOME A PENSIONER OF THE KING: "JOEY," THE VETERAN TROOP-HORSE OF THE LIFE GUARDS; "KING CHARLES II." UP.



A MATCH IN WHICH THREE OF THE PLAYERS WERE INJURED: EL GORDO v. 17TH—21ST LANCERS IN THE FINAL OF THE KING'S CORONATION CUP, AT RANELAGH.



TELLING A GREAT OPEN-AIR CONSERVATIVE RALLY ABOUT THE MINERS' "LOST CHANCES": MR. BALDWIN, THE PRIME MINISTER, AT CROWN POINT, NORWICH.

A large number of American visitors to London were interested spectators of the annual inspection, by the Duke of Connaught, of the Yeomen of the Guard.—"Joey," a troop horse of the Life Guards who has served in the regiment for fifteen years, and carried "King Charles II." in the Restoration Army scenes at the Royal Tournament, was to have been destroyed very shortly, on account of old age. He has been spared, however, by the express wish of the King, who will provide quarters for him in his retirement in the paddocks at Hampton Court.—The polo match between the Duke of Penaranda's El Gordo team and the 17th—21st Lancers in the final of the King's Coronation Cup, at Ranelagh,

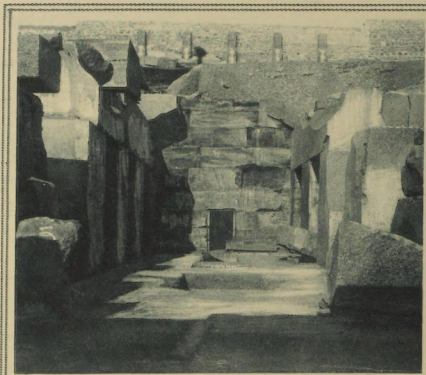


"CHAIR'D" ROUND THE RANGE ON WINNING THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY AFTER A FOUR-FOLD TIE: SERGEANT A. G. FULTON, LATE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS.

was marred by a nasty accident to three of the players. Mr. Lacey was thrown on his head and rendered unconscious, and was also rolled on by the ponies; the Marquis de Villabragima injured his left knee badly, and Mr. Walford was torn from the knee to the shoulder blade. When the game was resumed, Captain G. V. Scott Douglas took Mr. Lacey's place. The El Gordo Team won by nine goals to eight.—Mr. Baldwin addressed a huge meeting of Conservatives at Norwich on July 17.—The King's Prize at Bisley was won by Sergeant A. G. Fulton, late Queen's Westminsters, after a tie between four competitors. Fulton has been in the King's final fourteen times, and has won the prize before, in 1912.

WITH "PRIMÆVAL HILL" AND "PRIMÆVAL WATERS":

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY. AIR-



AN EXPRESSION IN STONE OF THE IDEAS CONCERNING OSIRIS'S TOMB AND THE HEREAFTER: THE CENTRAL HALL OF THE SO-CALLED "OSIREION," NOW RECOGNISED AS THE CENOTAPH OF KING SETI I.



IN THE FOREGROUND THE STEPS LEADING DOWN TO THE PRIMÆVAL WATERS; BEHIND THEM THE TWO HOLES TO TAKE THE SHENDJES IN WHICH THE KING WAS PROBABLY SHOWN ENTHRONED AS OSIRIS: THE ISLAND.



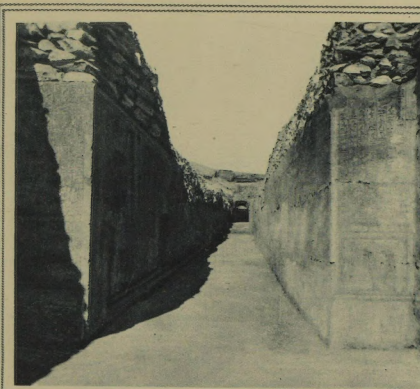
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR: THE SUBTERRANEAN CENOTAPH OF SETI I. (IN THE FOREGROUND), WITH ITS PILLARED HALL REPRESENTING THE PRIMÆVAL HILL RISING OUT OF THE PRIMÆVAL WATERS.



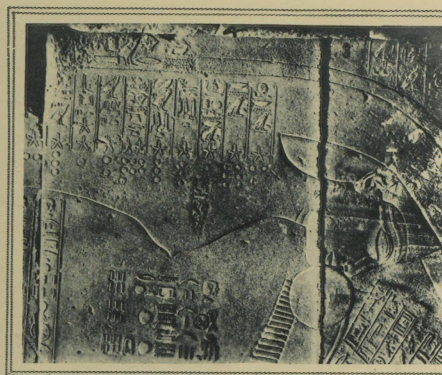
ONE OF THE EARLIEST-KNOWN ARCHES IN ARCHITECTURE: THE FIVE-FOLD ARCH OF BRICKS, WHICH WAS CLOSED AFTER THE RITUAL OF THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD HAD BEEN PERFORMED.

THE MYSTERIOUS CENOTAPH OF SETI I., AT ABYDOS.

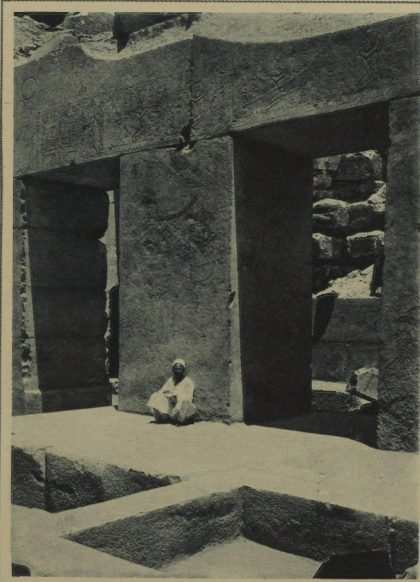
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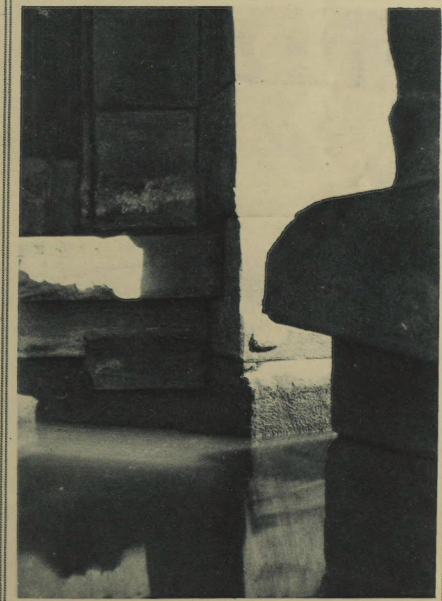
THE WAY INTO THE CENOTAPH. THE ENTRANCE-PASSAGE, WITH TEXT-COVERED WALLS, LEADING, THROUGH AN ARCH IN THE TEMENOS-WALL OF THE TEMPLE PRECINCTS, INTO THE "OSIREION."



SCULPTURES NEVER MEANT TO BE SEEN: PART OF THE ROOF OF THE SARCOPHAGUS ROOM; SHOWING THE SKY GODDESS, NUT, KISSING THE WINGED SUN-DISC AND BENDING OVER THE WORLD OF THE DEAD.



IN THE FOREGROUND STEPS LEADING DOWN TO THE PRIMÆVAL WATERS; BEHIND THEM, THE PLACE FOR A SHRINE OF SETI AS OSIRIS, RULER OF THE DEAD: A CORNER OF THE ISLAND REPRESENTING THE PRIMÆVAL HILL.



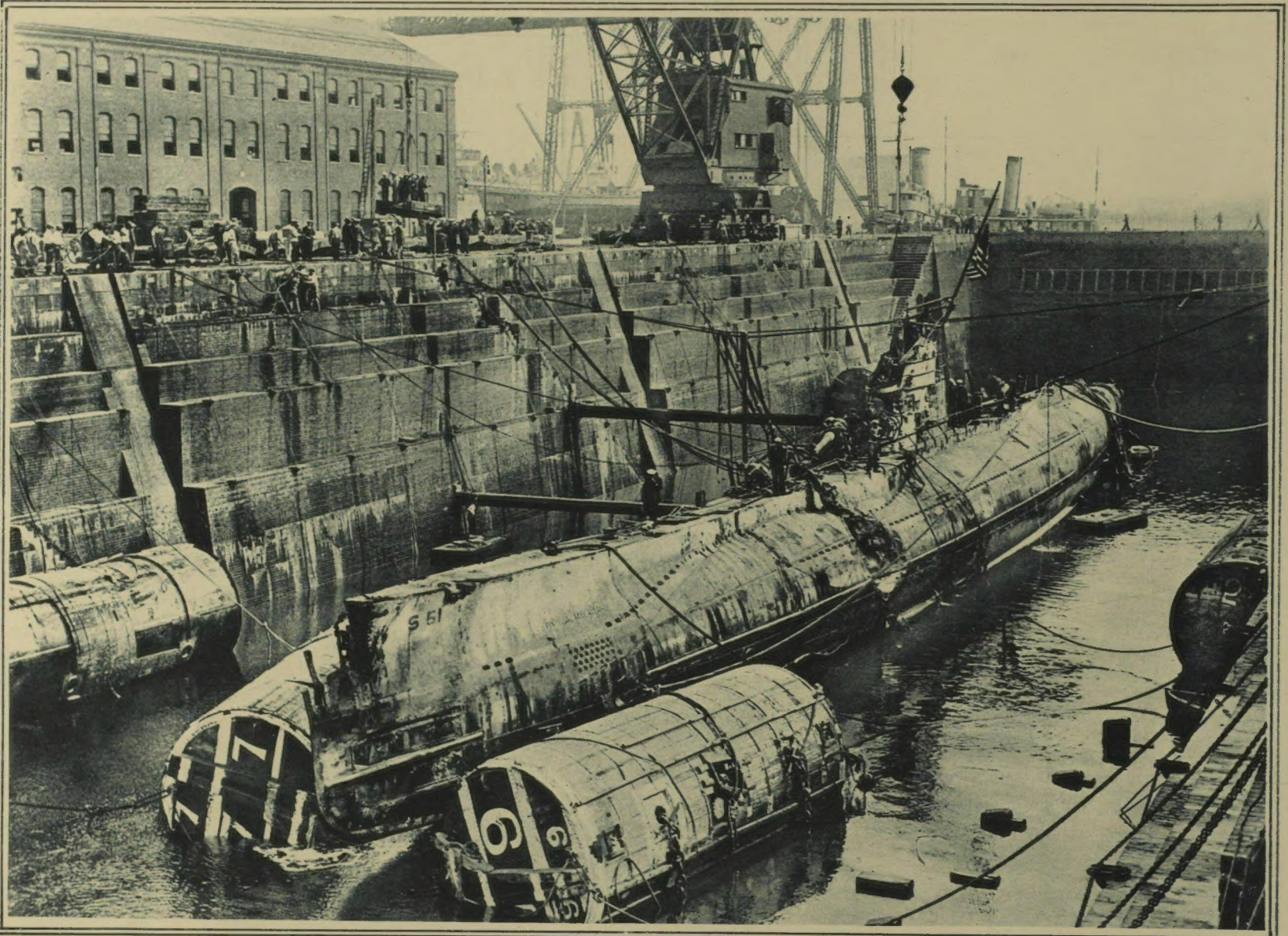
IN THE BACKGROUND, ONE OF THE CELLS FOR THE GUARDIAN SPIRITS; ON THE RIGHT, THE LEDGE OF THE ISLAND, THE PRIMÆVAL HILL: THE PRIMÆVAL WATERS OF THE CENOTAPH.

Until July 26, the Council Room of the Society of Antiquaries, at Burlington House, will be a place of pilgrimage for all interested in Ancient Egypt, for there the Egypt Exploration Society has a remarkably valuable collection of antiquities found at Abydos during the past winter: with a painting, by Mrs. N. de G. Davies, after a fresco in the North Palace at Tell el-Amarna. The exhibition has been kept open an extra day for the special benefit of our readers. The greatest attractions are "finds" from the excavations made at Abydos, under the direction of Mr. Henri Frankfort, whose staff included Mr. Herbert Felton for the engineering and photographic work; and it is upon this section of their recent labour that the Society is to be particularly congratulated, for it provides proofs that the colossal subterranean building formerly known as the "Osireion" and believed to be a sanctuary of Osiris, is in reality the cenotaph of King Seti I., who was buried in the Valley of the Kings, at Thebes. Seti I., it may be recalled, was the father of Ramses II., called "The Great," reigned from 1313 until 1292 B.C., and was the first great king after the Akhenaten heresy (Tell el-Amarna; circa 1360 B.C.) to concern

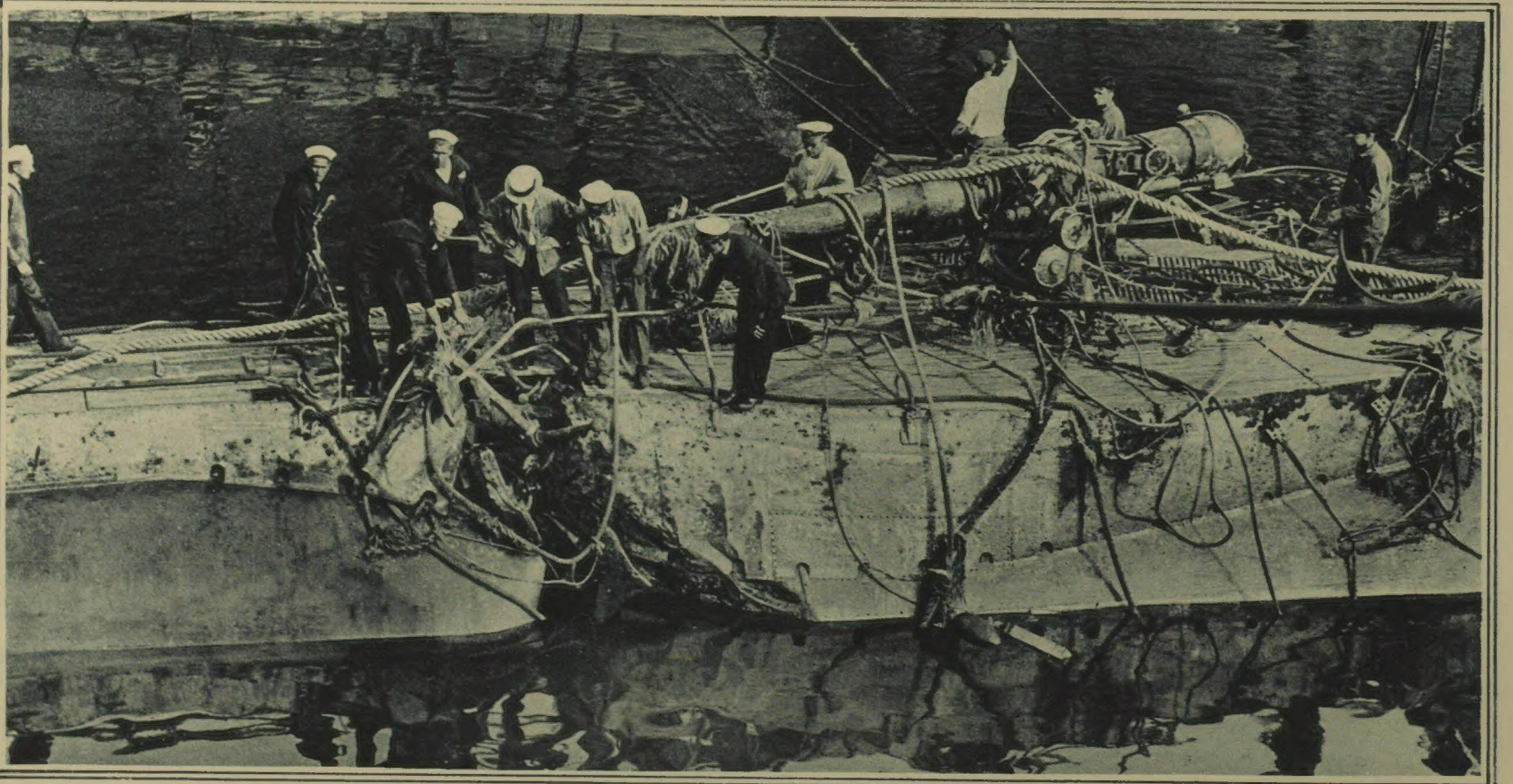
himself with spiritual matters. While Akhenaten tried by revolutionary methods to free Egyptian religion from formalism and sterile superstitions, Seti tried to do the same thing by following old tradition. Knowing this, we can understand why he not only built a tomb in the Valley of the Kings, but constructed the cenotaph at Abydos: Abydos being the reputed burial-place of Osiris, the god who died and was resurrected, the Egyptians liked to be buried there, and, if they preferred burial near their own town—where their offspring could perpetuate their funerary cult—they set up a cenotaph there, and then, by appropriate ritual, made their "outside" burial equivalent to interment within the sacred necropolis. The main feature of the cenotaph, the island in the Central Hall, is without parallel in Egyptian architecture, and is an attempt to express in stone what, till then, had only existed in the religious imagination about the Hereafter, in which an island (the Primæval Hill), surrounded by the Primæval Waters, played an important part; interwoven with ideas concerning the tomb of Osiris. For the first time, we find a building in Egypt "featuring" the Underworld.

EVERY MAN DEAD AT HIS POST: U.S. SUBMARINE "S 51" RAISED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.



SHOWING THE DAMAGE DONE IN THE COLLISION WITH THE "CITY OF ROME," AND SOME OF THE PONTOONS USED IN THE RAISING: "S 51" IN THE NAVY DOCKYARD AT BROOKLYN.



THE SUBMARINE AFTER SHE HAD BEEN RAISED AND HAD BEEN TOWED TO BROOKLYN AT THE RATE OF FIVE MILES AN HOUR: A CLOSER VIEW OF SOME OF THE DAMAGE DONE BY THE COLLISION.

As is noted on the opposite page, on which is given a photographic view of the lifting of the submarine, with tugs towing it, the United States Submarine "S 51" sank after a collision with the "City of Rome" some nine months ago. After she had been raised from the sea-bottom off Block Island, she was towed to the Navy Dockyard in Brooklyn, there to be examined. It was then that the announcement was made that the divers who had examined the

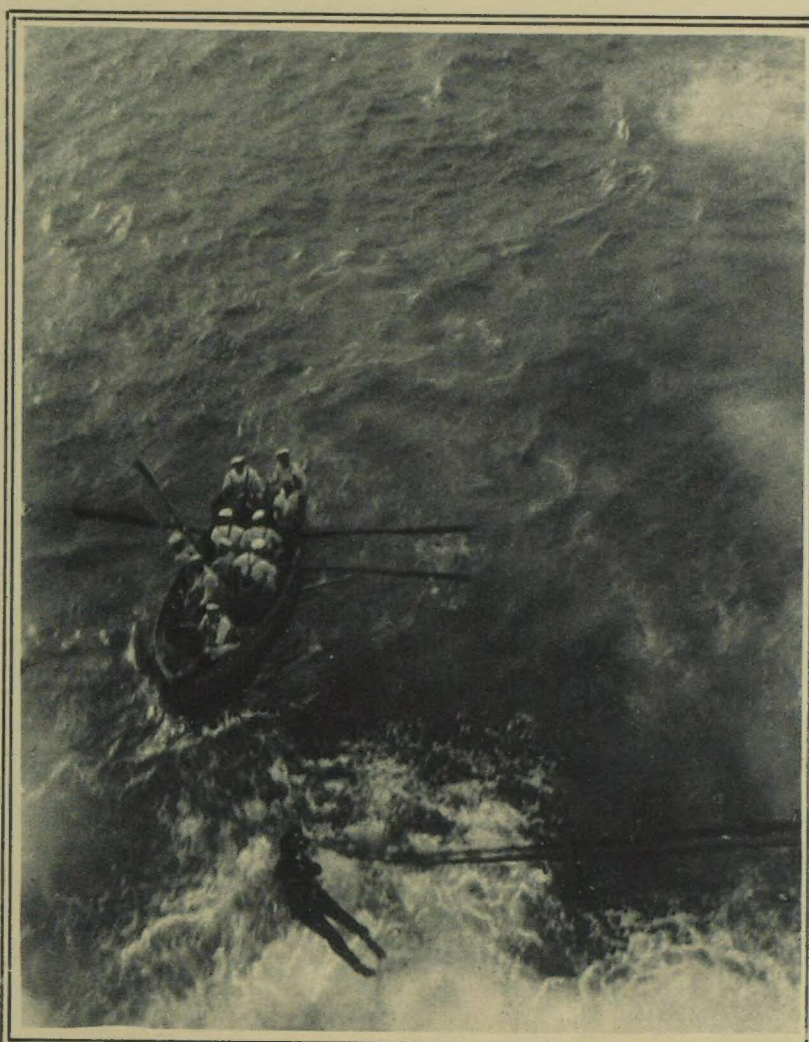
hull in the first instance had found every man on duty at the time the vessel was wrecked standing at his post. "Just aft of the conning-tower a dead seaman stood with his hand on the lever, ready to close the emergency valve; and the radio operator was in his chair bent over his instruments. . . . When the 'S 51' was brought into the Navy Yard . . . her flag was raised upon her to half-mast . . . and the bugler blew 'Taps.'"

PERILS OF THE SEA: WRECKED STEAMER; SUNKEN SUBMARINE.

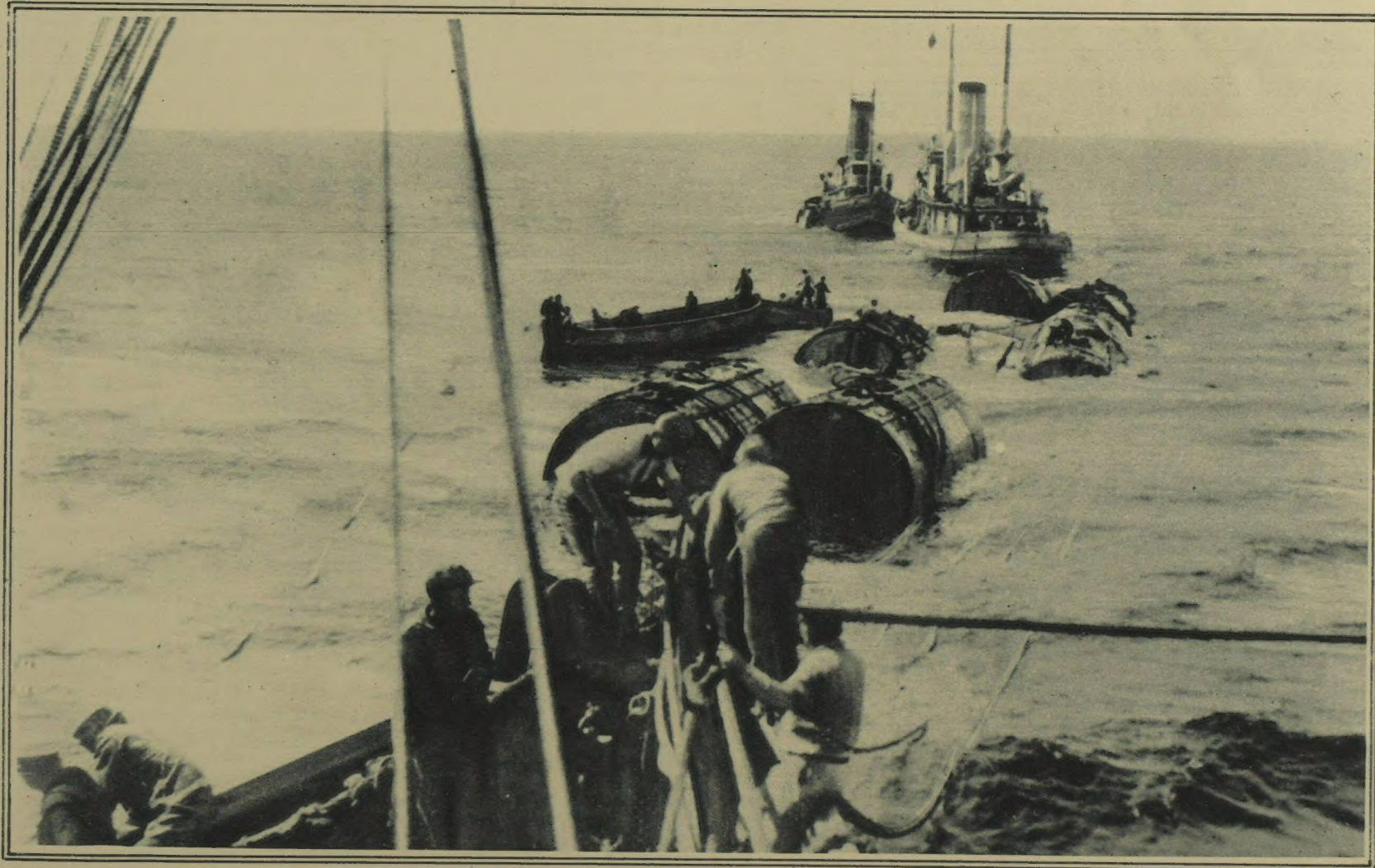
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU AND P. AND A.



ON THE ROCKS OFF JAPAN: THE "CITY OF NAPLES" WITH HEAVY SEAS BREAKING OVER HER AS SHE LAY WITH HER BACK BROKEN.



RESCUE BY A JAPANESE WAR-SHIP: A MAN BEING LOWERED FROM THE WRECKED "CITY OF NAPLES" TO A LIFE-BOAT FROM THE "URAKAZE."



THE RAISING OF THE ILL-FATED U.S. SUBMARINE WHOSE CREW WERE FOUND DEAD AT THEIR POSTS: A VIEW OF THE LIFTING OF THE "S51" WITH THE PONTOONS EMPLOYED FOR THE TASK.

During a storm on June 15, the Ellerman steamer "City of Naples," bound for Yokohama with a cargo of steel, struck a submerged rock thirty-seven miles out from Miyakeshima Island. The Japanese steamer "Chefoo Maru" picked up the S.O.S. signal and went to the rescue, with the result that she saved sixteen men who had escaped in a life-boat. A Japanese destroyer also stood by. Eventually, all on board were rescued by the war-ships "Kasuga" and "Urakaze," and were conveyed to Yokohama, where they were cared for at the Seamen's Home and Japanese institutions.—The United States Sub-

marine "S51," which sank after a collision with the "City of Rome" some nine months ago, was raised from the ocean bed off Block Island on July 5, and was towed to the Navy Dockyard in Brooklyn. It was then disclosed that when divers penetrated the hull when it lay at a depth of 130 feet, they found every man on duty at the time of the disaster at his post. The radio operator, for example, was seated in his chair, bent over his instruments. The positions of the periscope and the parts of the engine proved that the submarine's commander was trying to reverse his vessel to avoid the collision.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



"THE SALUTATION."—PREJUDICE AND PREDILECTION.

"A play for lovers setting forth in significant form by the aid of three players the immortal meaning of a smile": thus Mr. C. Rann Kennedy characterises his play "The Salutation," which is really not a play at all, but the elaborate effusion of three souls—three *états d'âme*, as the French would call it: Francesca da Rimini in the torments of unhappiness; Dante—the three commotions of his immortal work, heaven, hell, and purgatory; Beatrice (here almost a supernatural being), in the awakening to love. The author, steeped in knowledge of Dante's poetry, presupposes similar knowledge in his hearers. Unfamiliarity with the "Divine Comedy" and its creator's life-story can but make them listen in maze and bewilderment. They can neither fathom nor follow this stream of mystic language, often majestic in form, but so high-flown, so incessant, so fraught with imagery and symbol, that it benumbs them like an anæsthetic. That is a cardinal fault. An author must not look upon his audience as a congregation of *savants*. His duty is to enlighten them; to narrate a tale which they can understand, to create characters which have at least a semblance to reality.

What we heard was endless musing, lamentation, transports from earthly emotions to ethereal contemplations. Yet who could have discussed the immortal meaning of a smile in this eternal moaning of three people pouring forth in such incantation, in such sonority of voice, in such preachiness, that we wondered how their chords could bear the strain which fell upon our ears like the din, now of muffled bells, now of torrential rainfall! I daresay that, in the study, the play in many passages would impel reflection; for, book in hand, we have time to pause, to apply our mind, to digest the portent of the writer's words. But this phantasmagoria (that is the right description) does not act, because in it there is no action, no progress, no dramatic vibration. Often I thought of the speeches of the late Mr. Gladstone—wonderful texture of words, phrases beautiful of sound, gigantically built-up; but when we came to seek a meaning, our intellect stopped stark. He, no doubt, knew what he meant to convey, but we lagged behind, overwhelmed, tapping in the dark—ay, dismayed that we had been bewitched by verbal magic.

I have had this sensation before, listening to Mr. Kennedy's "Servant of the House." Here, too, was the missionary at work, but the nature of the mission became blurred by the manner in which it was set forth. Mr. Kennedy is over the heads of his audiences: we feel that he is a deep thinker, that he has something to say, that he is not only a philosopher, but an ethicist; but he does not master the technique of the stage. His figures are hazy; his expression lingers in circumlocution.

The actors—Miss Wynne Matthison, Miss Margaret Gage, and the author himself—had shouldered their stupendous task with fortitude and perseverance. In some passages we were carried away by the emotional power, the magnificent diction, of Miss Matthison—the Miss Matthison who stirred our souls in "Everyman." But even for her, as for her partners, the weight of words was too heavy to bear beyond evident over-exertion. The author says of his work in a note on the programme: "'The Salutation' is a profound tale told simply." His "play" goes to prove the contrary. It is wanting in simplicity, and that is why for two hours and more we listened in respectful effort; but, in the main, unmoved.

Is the dramatic critic influenced by prejudice and predilection? In the entr'acte I heard a confrère—a



A REMARKABLE CHARACTER ACTRESS WHO PLAYS MANY PARTS WITH PRACTICALLY NO "MAKE-UP": MISS RUTH DRAPER, WHO HAS HAD A BIG SUCCESS AT THE GARRICK WITH HER "ONE-WOMAN" PROGRAMME. Miss Ruth Draper is one of the most remarkable artistes of the day, and had so big a success with her "one-woman" programme at the Garrick that her season was extended by a series of matinees which came to an end this week. She takes a number of different parts and uses practically no make-up. She had the honour to be commanded to give a performance at Windsor, and is one of the most talked-of actresses of the season. A portrait of her by Sargent appears opposite.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

man good and true as any juryman—say about an artist that day playing a big part: "I cannot abide the personality! I know the work is excellent, far above the ordinary, but I cannot stand that face, that voice, that manner"—and he went into details to explain his aversion. Soon after, I read his criticism, and it was as fair as a lily. No outsider would have discovered prejudice in it; the praise was general and generous; only I, knowing his mental attitude, could read between the lines. His laudations came from mental effort, not from the heart. I know his style when he is truly moved (or incensed): his words flow like molten metal, and, as it were, coagulate in serried solidity in his columns.

I admired him for his fairness and his surmounting of contrary feelings. To rise above prejudice and predilection is the most difficult part of the critic's function. It demands almost superhuman equity, and—this is the curious part of the dilemma—it is even easier to overcome prejudice than predilection.

If we humans are prepossessed by a person; if we love that person in the higher, the artistic sense of the word; if we like looks, the ring of the voice, the manner of walk and gesture; and if yet we feel on occasions that the work is not as good as we expected, it is almost a self-chastisement to criticise adversely in print. It pains; it drops with great difficulty from the pen; we realise what effect our words will have on our "victim," whose woe becomes our woe and whom we would, if we could, cherish and humour at all cost. It is so easy to burn incense for our idols, but to have to shatter them goes against our nature.

Now look at the other side—the Dr. Fell side. We dislike a person: it may be physical disinclination, it may be a mental one—I need not explain; every one of my readers has experienced that strange sensation—there are people we would banish and obliterate, because they spoil atmosphere for us. Others may admire them, loudly sing their praises for the very peculiarities of their personality we detest. We cannot see it; the repulsion is insuperable.

And yet, as a critic, we would prefer to deal with our *bête noire* than with an *enfant chéri* (or *chérie*). If the *bête noire* is bad, we can let go and speak the truth without kid gloves; it is the critic's right to call a spade a spade. If he is good, and we have, willy-nilly, to perceive that quality through the purblind film of prejudice, our sense of equity (if we are a critic at all worth the name and function) will impel us to eulogise as enthusiastically as our lukewarm feelings can, because not for the world would we have it said that we are partial.

And here is a funny thing. If someone says that we have a *penchant* for somebody—not only in the theatre but in the daily walk of life—we may blush and refute, but we never take it amiss. But let anybody say, "You don't like So-and-so—you are prejudiced." I would then like to take the temperature of the critic thus addressed; it is sure to have risen under suppressed anger.

And that is why the paradox becomes true that we are more often dishonest towards ourselves in the praise of our prejudices than in the blame of our predilections. We do both against our real feelings—*contre-cœur*, as the French say—but the said blame causes us pain, and screwed-up praise gives us a certain amount of pleasure, because there is pride as well as prowess in pulling the devil's tail.



"DISTINGUISHED VILLA," THE NEW PRODUCTION AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: L. TO R.—MABEL (MISS UNA O'CONNOR), GWENDOLINE (MISS GILLIAN LIND), JOHN (MR. WILLIAM STACK), FRANCES (MISS CLARE HARRIS), AND NATTY (MR. IVOR BARNARD).

"Distinguished Villa," by Miss Kate O'Brien, has just been produced at the Little Theatre, after having been given once by a Sunday play-producing society during the strike. It is an interesting play dealing with life in Brixton, and is written with frankness and realism. Miss Una O'Connor gives a remarkable study of the "genteel," narrow Mabel, and Mr. Ivor Barnard is the little clerk, Natty, who has been starved of affection during the whole of his married life.—[Photo. L.N.A.]

THE "ONE-WOMAN-PROGRAMME" ACTRESS: A SARGENT DRAWING.

FROM THE DRAWING BY THE LATE JOHN SARGENT, R.A.



MANY PEOPLE IN ONE: MISS RUTH DRAPER, GIVER OF ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL "SEASONS" OF THE YEAR.

Miss Ruth Draper's one-woman programme drew big houses throughout her season at the Garrick, which was so successful that it was extended by means of a series of special matinées which ended on Friday last, July 23. Miss Draper uses practically no scenery or special costumes, but, so great is her artistry, so changeable is her expression, so subtle is her reproduction of the timbre of different human voices, that she creates the illusion that there are several people on the stage

during her sketches. She makes her audience laugh over her observation of the foibles of human nature in such a sketch as that depicting a lady showing friends round the garden. Then she gives a tragic cameo, and one is near tears. She is American by birth, but she speaks a pure English, and is equally at home in French and Spanish. She had the honour to be commanded to perform at Windsor Castle.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

"THE ENGLAND OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES": LAVENHAM VILLAGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR AND WINIFRED WARD.



IN A SUFFOLK VILLAGE FAMOUS FOR ITS FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDINGS: HOUSES OF FLEMISH WEAVERS, IN WATER STREET, LAVENHAM.



CLAIMED TO BE THE FINEST OLD TIMBER-FRAMED BUILDING IN ENGLAND: THE GUILDHALL, ONCE THE HALL OF THE CORPUS CHRISTI GUILD.



WITH THREE TUDOR ARCHES (TWO FILLED UP) WHICH WERE BUILT, POSSIBLY, TO FORM SHOP-WINDOWS: A HOUSE IN LAVENHAM, THE VILLAGE OF "THE WARS OF THE ROSES" ENGLAND.

In a recent letter to the "Times," a correspondent signing "F.S.A." said: "The late Seymour Lucas, R.A., was perhaps the first to remark that, from a certain point in Lady Street, in the Suffolk village of Lavenham, every house within sight was already standing at the date of the Battle of Bosworth (1485). Such a glimpse of the England of the Wars of the Roses is probably not to be found elsewhere in our island. At this moment one of the oldest of these houses (said by architects to be the finest of them), built not later than Henry the Sixth's

reign, is in course of demolition, and, according to my information, is shortly to be carted away for re-erection somewhere in Middlesex!" On the following day it was noted: "In a written reply to Sir Henry Slesser, M.P., who asks if steps would be taken to prevent the removal to America of Garrards House, in Water Street, Lavenham, Captain Hacking, M.P., states that the First Commissioner of Works had learned with great regret that this house was being demolished, but the Department had no evidence that it was being exported to America.

[Continued opposite.

HOME OF A THREATENED ANTIQUITY: FIFTEENTH-CENTURY SUFFOLK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR AND WINIFRED WARD.



SHOWING (ON THE EXTREME LEFT) THE SKELETON OF GARRARD'S HOUSE WHICH WAS BEING DEMOLISHED BUT IS TO BE RECONDITIONED IN POSITION: THE PRIORY, LAVENHAM.



A SIGN OF THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURY PROSPERITY OF LAVENHAM, THEN A CENTRE OF THE CLOTH TRADE: THE WOOL HALL.

Continued.]

Intervention by the Office of Works under the Ancient Monuments Act would involve purchase or the payment of compensation, for which at present funds were, unfortunately, not available." Now comes the announcement, through the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, that the purchaser of the house in question has arranged for it to be reconditioned in position. It

may be added that Lavenham was once of commercial importance, for it was a centre of the cloth trade in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Guildhall was originally the Hall of one of the Cloth Guilds, that of Corpus Christi, and in a cellar of it Dr. Rowland Taylor is reputed to have been imprisoned a few days before he was burnt on Aldham Common.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BOOKS as they come to the reviewer's hand do not always accord in subject with the conditions in which he happens to be working. At present, for example, my outlook is a peaceful garden beside the summer sea—the kind of place where Swinburne might have written—

Here where the world is quiet;
Here where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams.

There is little of the *dolce far niente* spirit, however, about this week's batch of books; least of all about "THE DIE-HARDS IN THE GREAT WAR," a History of the Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex Regiment), 1914-1919, Compiled from the Records of the Line, Special Reserve, Service, and Territorial Battalions, by Everard Wyrall, Vol. I., 1914-16 (Harrison and Sons; 10s. 6d.). Here the mind is carried back to those resounding years when, summer and winter alike, all our thoughts were with the men at the Front; and the story of their heroism is told anew in this fine regimental record.

During the first two years of the war the regiment fought not only in Belgium and France, but at the Dardanelles, in Egypt, and in Palestine. The author has marshalled his material with great skill, and formed it into a clear and vivid narrative. Beginning with Mons and Le Cateau, it includes descriptions of the first Battle of the Marne, and those of the Aisne, La Bassée, Armentières, Neuve Chapelle, Ypres, Aubers Ridge, Loos, and the Somme, while separate chapters are given to the campaigns in the Near East. The principal actions are illustrated by eleven folding maps, and an interesting foreword is contributed by General Sir Ivor Maxse, Colonel of the Middlesex Regiment.

Now that the term "Die-hard" has become political, it is well to be reminded of its real military origin. The regiment, then known as the 57th Foot, got its nickname at the battle of Albuhera, on May 16, 1811, when its wounded commander, Colonel Inglis, called to his men: "Die hard, 57th, die hard." The same call inspired a young officer in the Great War, Second Lieutenant R. P. Hallows, who, when mortally wounded at Hooze on Sept. 30, 1915, said: "Men, we can only die once; if we have to die, let us die like men—like Die-Hards!"

Equally at variance with the mood of "dreamful ease" is the tale of spiritual warfare told in "THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BOOTH, THE FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY," by Harold Begbie, with illustrations, two vols. (Macmillan; 12s. 6d. net). "General" Booth was no holiday idler: I cannot picture him lolling in a deck-chair. Although his last thoughts turned towards the East, and the evangelisation of China, he had in his nature nothing of oriental impassivity. He was a fighter from first to last, a spiritual Alexander ever longing for new conquests in his world-wide empire of souls. When in old age, stricken with blindness, he was condemned to "a garden of contemplation and repose," he still fretted for the life of action and the grim conflict against the hosts of Satan.

Mr. Begbie's picturesque and enthusiastic biography, which was first published in 1920, is here presented in an abridged edition, and it will doubtless appeal to an immense public both within and without the ranks of the "Army." There is a great deal that is touching and inspiring in this life-story of the man who set out to succour "the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost." I am old enough to remember the days when a Salvation Army band was an object of derision—hardly less so than a German band; but our generation has seen a great change in the "Army's" prestige and an improvement in its music. The value of its social work I have had more than one opportunity of testing, and when I am myself numbered among the "down-and-outs" I shall know where to apply.

In his own youth, when he was a pawnbroker's assistant, at Nottingham, and a lay preacher in his off time, the "General" had a hard struggle for existence, and, later, as an evangelist, he won through many tribulations to his ultimate triumph. But he was a foe to the philosophy of "the struggle for existence." Mr. Begbie concludes by contrasting him with its prophet, Charles Darwin, much to

the latter's disadvantage, pointing out that Darwin, whose theory led to the war, was buried in Westminster Abbey, while the body of the evangelist was denied admittance.

The greatness of "General" Booth lay in his intense sympathy with suffering and his passionate sincerity. These qualities appear in his dying injunctions to his son, Bramwell Booth, the present "General." "I want you to promise me that, when my voice is silent and I am gone from you, you will use such influence as you possess with the Army to do more for the Homeless of the World. . . . The homeless children. Oh, the children! Bramwell, look after the homeless. Promise me." When the promise had been given, something of the old whimsical humour appeared as he exclaimed, "Mind! If you don't, I shall come back and haunt you."

Warfare, both physical and spiritual, provides much of the historical matter in "CZECHOSLOVAKIA," the Land of the Unconquerable Ideal, by Jessie Mothersole, illustrated in colour and black and white by the author (The Bodley Head; 18s. net). The country itself, of course, came into position on the political map of Europe as a result of the Great War, and its past has been largely a struggle for religious liberty. Miss Mothersole, who is already well known by her previous works, "The Saxon Shore" and "Hadrian's Wall," describes the land as it is to-day, and epitomises its history. Her book is delightful on the literary side as on the pictorial, and should attract many readers to visit a beautiful and

racily described.

An interview with M. Caillaux in reminiscent mood is particularly topical.

Mr. Tuohy's allusion to the communism of Anatole France and his support of Lenin brings me back to the memoir of Lenin's lieutenant, Trotsky in his youth, as portrayed by Mr. Eastman, appears to have tempered fanaticism with humanity. He is more of a literary person than I had supposed. "You would have a hard time," writes Mr. Eastman, "finding in Trotsky's column in the *Eastern Review* the fierce and rabid trouble-maker that you perhaps believe him to be. What you find is a genial and humane essayist of the smilingly discursive type of Charles Lamb." In prison and in Siberia Trotsky enjoyed facilities for wide reading. "Darwin," he says, "stood for me like a mighty door-keeper at the entrance to the temple of the universe. . . . I was astonished when I read that he had preserved his belief in God." Darwin, it seems, has to answer for Bolshevism as well as the war.

Finally, I must mention a group of six books which bear on current industrial problems, especially the coal strike, and deserve, I think, careful study both by masters and men, as well as by political and trade union leaders. I include in this group a timely little book on the Prime

Minister—"STANLEY BALDWIN," a Biographical Character Study, by Adam Gowans Whyte (Chapman and Hall; 5s. net)—as it sets forth his industrial creed and contains the story of the General Strike.

Almost identical remedies for our present industrial malady are prescribed by two practical men, of eminence in the business world, in "IF I WERE A LABOUR LEADER," by Ernest J. P. Benn (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 3s. 6d. net), and a pamphlet entitled "THE FUTURE OF BRITISH INDUSTRY AND TRADES UNIONISM," by G. Holt-Thomas (Odhams Press, Ltd.; 6d. net). Neither of these writers is an enemy of trades unions, but both would modify them and abolish the system of restricted output, while both see a great opportunity at the present time for a new start in British Industry, on the lines of big production, short hours, and high wages, that might inaugurate a fresh era of unexampled prosperity.

Lookers-on, we know, see most of the game, and it is significant that similar doctrine is preached to British labour by a sympathetic American observer, in "BRITAIN'S ECONOMIC PLIGHT," by Frank Plachy jun. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net). "The great question," he says, "is whether the workers will realise that the more they give for a day's pay the more there will be for everybody, and more wages may ultimately be paid, when British goods are produced at so low a cost as to be sold in competition with the goods of Germany, Italy, Japan, and the other nations where the workers are not told by their leaders that the least each one does is the best, on the theory that more jobs will thereby be made available. . . . The only way to make things better is to . . . kick out the labour leaders who look to Russia instead of America for their ideas and inspiration."

The relation of government to economic questions is discussed on a more theoretic and historical plane in "THE END OF LAISSEZ-FAIRE," by John Maynard Keynes (Hogarth Press; 2s. net), a little book based on lectures delivered before the Universities of Oxford and Berlin. The author of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" is a writer whose views challenge attention. Although his purpose is not "to develop practical policies," he suggests certain lines of State action in regard to currency, savings and investment, and population. Here, too, the name of Darwin crops up as the originator of *laissez-faire* and free competition. Poor old Darwin seems to be the general scapegoat for all our troubles. Has no one a good word to say of him?

C. E. B.



AGAIN IN THE PUBLIC EYE, THROUGH RECENT REGULATIONS FOR SEAMEN AND THE EXAMINATION OF THIRD-CLASS TOURISTS: ELLIS ISLAND, THE U.S. IMMIGRATION STATION—AS SEEN FROM THE AIR.

The recent regulations for the medical inspection of seamen by the U.S. Immigration authorities caused resentment among the crews of liners, and British third-class tourists also objected to the "formalities." (See opposite.)

Photograph by U.S. Air Service, supplied by Keystone View Co.

romantic country which in these days is by no means inaccessible.

Moreover, the Czechoslovaks are attached to our own nation by many links of aspiration and endeavour, in religion, politics, literature, and education. They study our language and literature, and several exiles, including Komensky (Comenius) and President Masaryk, have at various times found refuge in England. "At the National Theatre" writes Miss Mothersole, "we can see a play by Karel Capek, Shakespeare, or Bernard Shaw." Shortly after the war, I had the privilege of helping a professor from the University of Prague in English composition, and he produced an essay on Shakespeare which astonished me not only by its quality and grasp of the subject, but by showing the extent to which Shakespeare is read and acted in Czechoslovakia.

I come now to two books which, although they have nothing else in common, may be bracketed together as dealing with certain by-products of the war, personal and otherwise. One is "THE COCKPIT OF PEACE, 1919-1925," by Ferdinand Tuohy (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net). The other is "LEON TROTSKY," the Portrait of a Youth, by Max Eastman, with eight illustrations (Faber and Gwyer; 6s. net). Mr. Tuohy, who was a war-correspondent under the ægis of Lord Northcliffe, of whom he gives us intimate glimpses, describes his book as "a slice of contemporary journalism from a viand still warm, as distinct from the cold dish of distant recollection." I am inclined to strengthen the culinary metaphor by calling it a mixed grill piping hot. His experiences during the last six years have been very varied, and they are

AN INSTITUTION WHOSE "FORMALITIES" ARE RESENTED: ELLIS ISLAND.

DRAWN BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE "STRAIT AND NARROW GATE" OF IMMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES: ELLIS ISLAND—TYPICAL INCIDENTS.

It was reported recently from New York that the latest regulation of the U.S. Immigration Department, requiring rigorous medical examination of all foreign seamen arriving in the United States, was exciting much indignation among the crews of great British liners docking at New York and other American ports. Since the war, all crews have had to have their finger-prints examined each time they arrive. Further delays, however, are now caused by the new rule, which compels every seaman to strip and be examined by medical officers, in

spite of the fact that ships' doctors certify the health of all British sailors before they leave this country. On July 14 Ellis Island was again brought into unfavourable notice by the unhappy experience of thirteen British tourists, most of them women, who arrived from Liverpool on a pleasure tour to Canada, and were subjected to the medical examination meted out to immigrants. Since then the U.S. authorities have arranged that British tourists travelling third class shall enter New York without Ellis Island "formalities."—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

A WONDERFUL RABBIT!

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

ALL things which owe their being to the Breath of Life are wonderful; and the more closely they are examined the more wonderful and mysterious they become. No man, though he devote a lifetime to their study, can hope to survey more than a small fraction of the sum of their numbers, which are as the sands of the sea-shore. The great desire of those who seek for knowledge of the way they live and move and have their being is to discover the source and character of the subtle ferment which determines their myriad shapes and hues, not only as between different groups or types, but of individuals belonging to what we call a species—that is to say, a congregation of individuals all bearing a common likeness, transmitted from one generation to another. But, closely as any two individuals of a given species may appear to be superficially—say two cock sparrows, for example—no two are ever quite alike. Their differences we say, are due to "variation."

The range of this variation, it is to be noted, is considerable, and is sometimes clearly due to the conditions imposed by the external environment. Compare, for instance, the poppy growing out of a hard gravel path with those of its more fortunate fellows in the rich soil of the flower-border. Here we have a difference due to "nurture," rather than to "nature:" the one, starved by circumstances, no more than an inch or two high; the other two feet high!

These differences, as between nurture and nature, are not always easy to distinguish; and these different forms of variation have formed the subject of special study by a school of investigators known as the Mendelians, from the name of the founder, the Abbé Mendel. They concern themselves entirely with variations due to nature—that is to say, to variations which are heritable, for such as are due to nurture are not. These herit-

able variations they call "mutations." The Abbé Mendel was the first to attempt an analysis of these mutations. He began with tall and dwarf varieties of sweet peas, and he found that when the tall and the dwarf kinds were crossed, the resultant generation yielded all tall peas; but the next gave both tall and dwarf, in the proportion of three tall to one dwarf. When, in turn, these came to be cultivated, one-quarter of the whole proved to be "pure tall" and one quarter "pure dwarf"—that is to say, seeds derived therefrom always yielded after their kind, either tall or dwarf. The remaining half of this, the third, generation gave both tall and dwarf in the proportion 1:3.

I cite but this one instance of Mendelian work to show what is meant by heritable characters—tallness and dwarfness in this case—as distinct from variations due to "nurture." Characters of this kind may appear suddenly as "mutations," such as in the case of the remarkable Ancon sheep with short, bow legs, unable to jump fences, and the Niata cattle, cited by Darwin. These striking departures from the type, which arrest the attention even of the most incurious, are clearly due to changes in the "germ-plasm," the living material which gives rise to successive generations, as distinct from the "somato-plasm," or the material of which the individual body is built up. We have, however, no evidence, as yet, of striking "mutations" of this kind appearing in any save domesticated animals, or plants under cultivation. But the Mendelians are always seeking to prove that they do occur; and what was regarded as a triumphant demonstration of their claims was exhibited at a recent meeting of the Linnean Society. This was furnished by the skin of a rabbit, sent from Australia, wherein the fur was liberally bestrewn with long bristles, simulating spines. Here, we were told, was an incipient rabbit-porcupine! Here was the evidence they had long promised to prove that the "Origin of Species" was due rather to "mutations" than to the accumulations of small variations. No such rabbit had ever been seen before. Here, then, was indeed a case to confound the sceptics.

But when they who were to be converted from the error of their ways came to examine carefully this wonderful phenomenon, they "chortled"! For it was found that the spines were the spines of the seed of a well-known Australian grass belonging to the genus *Stipa*. They are, however, seeds of a quite peculiar character, as may be seen in the adjoining photograph: for they are furnished with an apparatus whose purpose is to secure dispersal to new ground. The actual seed-case, it will be noticed, is sharply pointed, and provided with barbs; while from its hinder end there runs a long, twisted stalk. This stalk is hygroscopic: moistened by dew or rain, the long, twisted tail imparts a corkscrew motion to the seed-head, which, being barbed, forces its way still further down into the under-fur, and so gets a better grip of its carrier. In course of time, the animal, in scratching itself, will scatter those seeds far and wide, and so extend the range of the plant. Thus this precious skin has come to add another instance of special modes of plant-

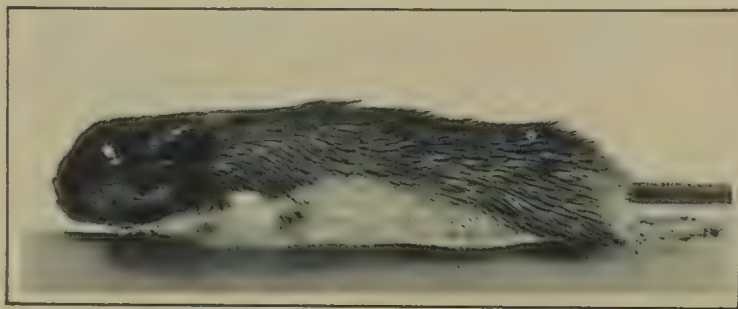
dispersal, instead of a case of "mutation" among mammals.

We have, it may be remarked, among our native plants a number of similar mechanisms. The seeds of the common burdock, for example, are arranged in globular masses armed with hooks, which, catching hold of the fleeces of sheep or the fur of rabbits and foxes, spread the plant to new localities. The seeds, or fruits, of the Enchanters nightshade, of the yellow avens, and of the cleavers, to mention but a few instances, are similarly armed with hooks for the purpose of dispersal to uncrowded areas. We are still in the dark as to the way in which the porcupine got his spines, but we can make guesses at truth. Indeed, in the porcupine itself we have a clue, since its body bears every possible gradation between fine



CLAIMED TO BE AN INCIPIENT RABBIT-PORCUPINE:
A RABBIT-SKIN FROM AUSTRALIA, WITH "SPIKES" OF GRASS SEED.

This rabbit-skin from Australia is bestrewn with long bristly "hairs" which were at first thought to be incipient spines, but which turned out, on examination, to be awns of a grass seed!



WITH MODIFIED HAIRS WHICH ALSO LOOK LIKE SPINES: THE "SPINY" MOUSE, WHICH IS FOUND IN PALESTINE AND EASTERN AFRICA. In the *Acomys*, the "spiny mouse," the hairs of the back have become enlarged to form flattened spines.

hairs and the really formidable spikes which cover its back.

Then there are certain small mice, found in Syria, Palestine, and Eastern Africa, known as "spiny mice," from the fact that the hairs of the back have become enlarged to form flattened spines, shown in the accompanying photograph. One species, found in the stony deserts of Arabia, is said to present the appearance of a little hedgehog when its spines are erected. It is worth noting that a number of mammals in no way related have thus enlarged the hairs of the body to form spines. Our own hedgehog affords a case in point; for this is one of the Insectivores, and therefore in no way related to the mice and porcupines, which are rodents.



AS SEEN UNDER THE MICROSCOPE: ONE OF THE SEEDS FROM THE RABBIT; AND (ABOVE IT) A SPINE FROM THE MOUSE, GREATLY ENLARGED.

When one of these seeds from the rabbit is examined under a microscope, its long "tail" is found to be spirally twisted, and the seed-case pointed and barbed.

developed? We have no evidence on this head, and the rabbit exhibited at the Linnean Society has dashed our hopes of finding any. But we must be patient. Some day the Mendelians may turn the tables on those of us who hold that "Mendelism," though a valuable source of help, has its limitations.



DERIVED FROM THE ENLARGEMENT OF SPINY HAIRS SUCH AS ARE SEEN IN *ACOMYS*: THE SPINES OF THE PORCUPINE.

SCENES FROM BIBLICAL HISTORY—BY EDMUND DULAC.

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDMUND DULAC. COPYRIGHTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



ELIJAH GOING UP INTO HEAVEN.

"And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

This is the eleventh in the series of beautiful colour-studies of Biblical subjects by that famous artist, Mr. Edmund Dulac, begun in our Christmas Number for 1925. The first four colour-plates, given therein, illustrated "The Expulsion from Eden," "The Flood," "The Doom of Lot's Wife," and "The Death of Samson." The fifth—"Moses in the Bulrushes"—appeared

in our issue of January 9 last; the sixth—"The Fall of Jericho"—in that of March 6; the seventh—"Ruth and Boaz"—in that of March 13; the eighth—"Saul and the Witch of Endor"—in that of April 3; the ninth—"David and Goliath"—in that of May 1; the tenth—"The Judgment of Solomon"—in that of May 29.

ARISTOCRATS OF A "ZOO" TANK: A MOST STRIKING EXHIBIT.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO SEE WHEN "END ON": ANGEL FISH, REMARKABLE FOR THEIR SHAPE AND THEIR COLORATION.

The body of the Angel fish (*Pterophyllum scalare*) is extremely compressed, from side to side; while the fins, especially the pelvic pair, answering to the hind-legs of land animals, are enormously elongated. They swim with barely perceptible motion; and when "end on" are extremely difficult to see, so thin is the body. Even in side view they are not conspicuous; for the form of the body is broken up by vertical stripes which vary rapidly in intensity of coloration.

THE GREATEST COMMERCIAL CENTRE IN THE WORLD: LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: LONDON—LOOKING TOWARDS THE TOWER BRIDGE; SHOWING SOME CITY CHURCHES WHOSE EXISTENCE IS THREATENED BY THE UNION OF BENEFICES MEASURE.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: LONDON—LOOKING TOWARDS THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

London, capital of England and seat of the Government of the British Empire, can claim without boasting that she is the greatest commercial and financial centre in the world. And, more, she has become the greatest tourist centre, complete with "rubber-neck" charabancs and guides! Rather a new feature, these, or, perhaps one should say, a more obvious feature than they were, for it is the modern method of sight-seeing *en masse* that seems strange to us. In days past, visitors were grouped in twos or threes or fours; now they are in scores and thirties and forties, content to sit and look and listen to the voice through the megaphone. As to our photographs: In the first, the main street seen is

Cannon Street. On the left of this is Watling Street. Cannon Street Station is at the right centre, with Adelaide House behind it. The Monument is seen to the left of Adelaide House. Still further to the left, and further back, is the Tower, and further back, to the left of the Tower, the building of the Port of London Authority. In the second, Queen Victoria Street is seen in the centre foreground, leading to Blackfriars Bridge and the Victoria Embankment, Vauxhall Bridge is in the background, on the left. The Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey are in the centre background. Waterloo Bridge is seen next to Blackfriars Bridge, with Hungerford Bridge behind it.

NEWS FROM MANY QUARTERS: FIRES; AND OTHER ITEMS



THE NORWICH PAGEANT: "ROMA DELIVERING UP THE KEYS OF THE STRONGHOLD BUILT BY WILLIAM FITZ OSBERN"—LEAVING THE CASTLE WITH HER ATTENDANTS.



SCENE OF A GREAT FOREST FIRE IN WHICH MANY ANIMALS AND MUCH TIMBER WERE DESTROYED: THE KOOTENAY NATIONAL PARK, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



WAITING TO SEE THE PRIME MINISTER, TO SUBMIT PROPOSALS FOR PEACE IN THE MINING DISPUTE: THE DEPUTATION FROM THE CHURCHES AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On Wednesday, July 21, the first performance took place at Norwich of a pageant with Episodes spread over a thousand years. It traces the city's long history from its foundation, after the departure of the Romans, to the times of George II.—Vast stretches of forest in the National Parks in the Rocky Mountains in the vicinity of Banff, and in the Kootenay and Vermillion districts, have been destroyed by fire. Large quantities of the most magnificent timber in the Dominion have been destroyed, and have many of the thousands of animals in the big-game reserves. A telegram of July 20 stated that a fresh outbreak had taken place on the day before, and that three large forest fires were then raging uncontrolled.—The mail-boat "Carnarvon Castle," the first motor-ship to be built for the Union Castle Line, is making her maiden trip to South Africa.—On Saturday, July 17, the polo ground at Roehampton



ON HER VISIT TO NORWICH IN 1578: QUEEN ELIZABETH, AS SEEN WITH COURTIER AND ATTENDANTS IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT.



TYPES OF THE ANIMALS DESTROYED IN THE GREAT FOREST FIRE IN CANADA: BUFFALOES IN THE BIG-GAME RESERVES IN THE KOOTENAY NATIONAL PARK.



A PALATIAL EMBASSY ON WHICH OVER £70,000 HAS BEEN SPENT ON INTERIOR DECORATION: THE NEW UNITED STATES EMBASSY IN PRINCE'S GATE, TO BE OPENED IN THE AUTUMN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS, L.N.A., CENTRAL PRESS, ELLIOTT



IN AN EPISODE DEALING WITH THE HISTORY OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL: A GROUP OF THE CHARACTERS IN THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT, "FROM THE ROMANS TO DEMOCRACY."



THE FIRST MOTOR-SHIP BUILT FOR THE UNION CASTLE LINE FOR SOUTH AFRICA: THE 20,000-TON MAIL-BOAT "CARNARVON CASTLE" BEING TOWED DOWN SOUTHAMPTON WATER.



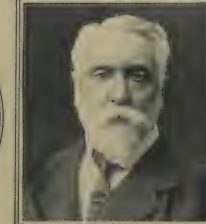
APPOINTED BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE: SIR GEORGE CLERK.



TO SUCCEED LORD D'ABERNON AT BERLIN: SIR RONALD LINDSAY.



A DISTINGUISHED CLASSICAL SCHOLAR: THE LATE DR. J. P. POSTGATE.



THE RETIRING BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT BERLIN: LORD D'ABERNON.

PERSONALITIES; PAGEANTRY; FOREST OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



NORWICH CASTLE AND THE PAGEANT: EMMA DE CUADER, SISTER OF ROGER FITZ OSBERN, EARL OF HEREFORD, SURRENDERING TO SIR ROGER BIGOD.



A POLO GROUND IN A NEW GUISSE: INSPECTING THE MACHINES AT THE FLYING MEETING ARRANGED BY ROEHAMPTON CLUB.



MAKING THE SPEECH IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER WHICH LED TO THE DOWNFALL OF THE BRIAND CABINET: M. HERRIOT DEMONSTRATING THE BRIAND-CAILLAUX DICTATORSHIP.

Club was the scene of a novel aviation sports meeting, including "aerial golf" and "aerobatics."—At the House of Commons on Monday, July 19, the Prime Minister received a deputation of Bishops and other leaders of the Churches who were seeking to mediate in the coal dispute.—The new American Embassy in Prince's Gate is now nearing completion, and will be ready for occupation in the autumn.—Lord D'Abernon, the British Ambassador at Berlin, is retiring, and Sir Robert Lindsay, the Ambassador at Constantinople, has been appointed to take his place, being himself succeeded by Sir George Clerk, the British Minister in Prague.—Dr. J. P. Postgate, whose death as the result of a cycling accident is announced, was formerly Professor of Latin in Liverpool University.—M. Herriot's denunciation in the French Chamber of the Briand-Caillaux demand for a franc dictatorship led to the downfall of the Briand Cabinet. SD FREY, RUSSELL, KEYSTONE, TOPICAL, AND CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.

A SELF-PHOTOGRAPH BY A WILD TIGER!—A REMARKABLE SNAPSHOT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY BEAST.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. W. CHAMPION. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 148.)



"THE TIGER HAD TAKEN HIS OWN PHOTOGRAPH BY FLASHLIGHT AT 13-FT. DISTANCE": THE GREAT BEAST COMING DOWN THE JUNGLE ROAD AS THOUGH NOTHING HAD HAPPENED

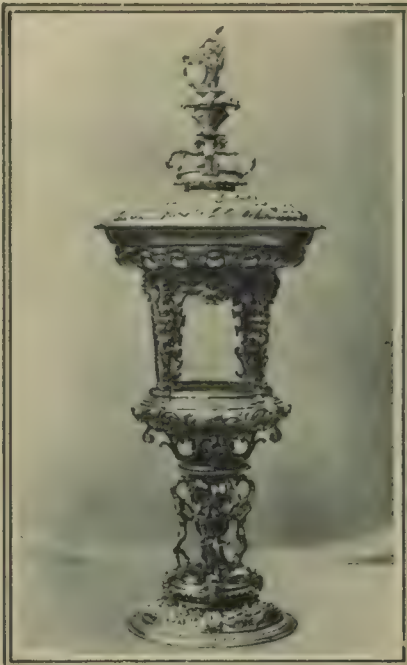
It may be said with truth that this is a self-photograph by a wild tiger, for the beast did, in fact, take his own photograph by flashlight. How it came to do so is told in the article on page 148; but a few points may be given here. The flashlight apparatus was set facing up the road. Two nights were without result. "On the third morning," writes Mr. Champion, "when going to see what luck we had had during the night, we were dreadfully disappointed to find tiger-tracks coming down the road below the camera, which suggested that one of three eventualities must have happened. Firstly,

that the tiger had come on to the road below the camera; secondly, that he had seen the trip wire and had gone round it; or, thirdly, that he had passed the wire, which had broken without completing the electric circuit. . . . A fourth possibility . . . was that the tiger had taken his own photograph by flashlight at thirteen-feet distance, and had still continued to come down the road as though nothing had happened. And this was what actually proved to be the case."

ART OLD AND MODERN: EXHIBITIONS AND AUCTIONS OF THE MOMENT.



AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT: WALWORTH WITH THE DAGGER WITH WHICH HE IS SAID TO HAVE KILLED WAT TYLER.



DATED 1554: THE BOWES CUP; LENT FOR EXHIBITION AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT BY THE GOLDSMITHS'.



GIVEN TO THE BARBERS' COMPANY BY KING CHARLES II., IN 1676: THE ROYAL OAK CUP.



DATING FROM 1604: A BEAKER, WITH THREE MAIDENS' HEADS; LENT FOR EXHIBITION BY THE MERCERS' COMPANY.



WITH SOME OF THE WAR-PORTRAITS IN THE SET OF THIRTY-SIX SOLD BY AUCTION FOR NEARLY £14,000: SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



A ROMNEY UNDER THE HAMMER: "PORTRAIT OF MRS. DAVENPORT (CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF RALPH SNEYD, ESQ.)," TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S.



ON EXHIBITION FOR A WHILE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE TATE GALLERY: "MEMORIAL STONE FOR A HUNTER."—BY A. H. GERRARD.

The Livery Companies of the City of London have lent many of their treasures for exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where they were put on show on July 21, for two months. With regard to our first photograph, it may be noted that the wooden statue of Sir William Walworth is the work of Edward Peirce (died 1698).—Sir James Dunn's series of portraits, by Sir William Orpen, of officers and others distinguished in the Great War, were sold at Christie's the other day for a total nearing £14,000. They may be described as elaborate

colour-sketches, and most of them were reproduced in Sir William's "An Onlooker in France."—The Romney portrait of Mrs. Davenport, which is to be sold at Christie's at the same time as the "Portrait of Lady Hamilton" shown on page 171, was exhibited at Burlington House in 1878 and in 1892, and has been engraved in mezzotint by John Jones. Mrs. Davenport was Charlotte, daughter of Ralph Sneyd, and, married Davies Davenport, of Capesthorpe, in 1777. Her husband was M.P. for Cheshire. The picture is 29½ inches by 24½ inches.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LIVERY COMPANIES' EXHIBITS BY THE "TIMES"; OF SIR WILLIAM ORPEN BY C.N.; THE ROMNEY BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE; THE MEMORIAL BY AITKEN.

UNDER THE HAMMER: A VERY FINE, BUT LITTLE-KNOWN, ROMNEY.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSELL AND WOODS.



A SITTER WHO IMMEASURABLY INCREASED THE PAINTER'S CHANCES OF IMMORTALITY: "LADY HAMILTON"—BY ROMNEY.

The charming Romney portrait of Lady Hamilton here illustrated is to be sold by auction at Christie's on Wednesday, July 28, with another Romney—"Portrait of Mrs. Davenport"—reproduced on page 170. It is not the more important of the two, but we devote the larger space to it because it is less known than the other, and, of course, because of the ever-present romantic interest in the sitter. The painting is described officially as "Portrait of Lady Hamilton. Emma, wife of Sir William Hamilton; intimate with Queen Maria Carolina at Naples; friend of Nelson; and a favourite sitter to Romney. Seen full-face,

figure turned to left. In white muslin dress, cut low at the neck and with short sleeves; pink sash; long, flowing hair, with white muslin head-dress. Size: 31½ inches by 25½ inches." Our readers will not need reminding that Emma Hart (Lady Hamilton) sat many times for Romney, who first painted her when he was practising the "cursed drudgery of portrait-painting" in Cavendish Square. To quote "Romney," by Humphry Ward and W. Roberts, the new sitter was "destined to exercise a real influence upon his life and, if we may so adapt a phrase of Mr. Gladstone's, 'immeasurably to increase his chances of immortality.'"

Cours and Tales: An Entertainment.

"EXCURSIONS AND SOME ADVENTURES." By ETTA CLOSE.*

MISS Etta Close's mother was a great character. A Personage by nature, born to sweep through difficulties with eye-glass raised to survey a faulty world; an amiable anxiety who could not rest in any one place for more than a day or two, and would fall back upon the Norwegian of her early travelling when defeated by a foreign tongue; a fearless expert in the unexpected, she was only known to have been disconcerted once during her wanderings with her daughters. It happened in Sarajevo, now of notorious memory. There was an old and ogreish Turk, and he offended, unknowingly, being less agile-witted than his Orientalism implied! The conversation had turned on the price of things and, "incidentally," notes the writer, "upon the price of wives, on which subject, it appeared, the Turk was an authority."

"And what value," inquired Mother, "would you put on my eldest daughter, always supposing she were for sale?"

"The Turk mentioned a sum which we were not told, but which we gathered was flatteringly high."

"Mother was much pleased."

"And my second daughter?" she inquired again.

"The Turk mentioned a still higher price—of course he reckoned by age. While as to the third daughter, my little flapper sister, the price was highest of all."

"And now," said Mother, "what price for me?"

"Alas! the Turk was no diplomat! He promptly mentioned fourpence-halfpenny or the equivalent in Bosnian currency. Mother was furious. Never, never, had she been so insulted before!"

For the rest, the smile was always on the face of the Lady, which is really rather remarkable when it is remembered that the adventurings were in those days of the late eighteen and early nineteen-hundreds when few women took the road alone. The Mother was imperturbable, and there can be no doubt that Miss Etta inherited much of her calm and certainly all of her sense of humour. As a result, these "Excursions," with the sage advice their narrator follows: "Try to recall your pleasant memories; the unpleasant will remember themselves."

First, then, to Norway. Not a great deal to record in that Chapter—for our author was a very young "visitor." But there is Mother's perfect answer when her daughter claimed credit for finding the way after they had been lost awhile—"All the lower animals have the homing instinct." And there is this paragraph: "My Father served for a short time in the Swiss Guard at the Vatican. . . . Pius IX., who was then Pope, was generally believed to have the Evil Eye, which, of course, does not presuppose wickedness in the person having it, but quite the contrary. My Father used to say that when the Pope showed himself to the people it was curious to see them extending their first and fourth fingers as a precaution."

So to France—edible frogs, and a hunt, and a story of Stonyhurst, by way of digression. A word about each.

The catching of the frogs sounds cruel enough—and pleased the youngsters, who angled for the fat quarry with pink rose-leaves as bait and hooked many whose hind-legs afterwards figured at the table, companions to the succulent limbs of those others the *curé* shot with his tiny bow-and-arrow!

As to the Hunt, it was very "foreign," although the hounds were "descended from a couple sent by King James I. of England as a gift to the ancestor of the present Master." "When we killed," says Miss Close, "the 'innards' of the roe deer were given to the hounds; then the gentlemen of the Hunt got off their horses and, standing round the dead deer, played a sort of half-funeral dirge, half-triumphal march on their big brass horns. To me it sounded more like a dirge than a song of triumph, but I believe the origin of it is very old, almost lost in antiquity."

At Stonyhurst, the seismic instruments behaved in an amazing way, despite the fact that everyone had been cautioned against taking anything of steel into the Observatory. Before the unlocking of the last door, "Father Lomax explained that, on entering, a small circle of light would be seen, thrown on the opposite wall. When everything was calm the light remained steady, but in the event of an earthquake it oscillated. The door was then opened and they entered. Sure enough there was a little circle of light, but instead of being steady, it was

fish taste any better than soft kid glove cooked in garlic; or undo the evil that must have been wrought when brother Fred, in all innocence, presented "bonbons" to the Mayor of Fonsagrada, and his retinue. Mother knew of no bonbons. "Fred produced a box of the pale-pink tabloids, and explained that our visitors had already had a couple each all round. Mother and I nearly fainted with horror; they were the pills, strong and efficacious, specially camouflaged with rose water and supplied by our own doctor."

Then Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro: this in 1899. Mother insisted on going and, as was customary, the party fell on their feet, the episode of the woman-pricing Turk excepted!

At Zengg, in Croatia, a theatre was the only available bed-room; between Travnik and Sarajevo mulish cattle who refused to leave the line were shepherded before the engine by jets of steam directed by the driver; at Fotscha, sleep in the gendarmerie barracks, with police making the beds, serving a meal, and doing other domestic duties "by numbers"; and, after that, rain, rain, rain, plus an interview with the charming Montenegrin Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had hidden "a considerable proportion of the revenues of the country" in a green, open, wooden box under Miss Close's bed in the inn!

In 1905, Canada.

In a railway-car was found a millionaire from Nome, a very rough diamond, but a diamond for all that—and with a present for the wife. He determined to produce it for inspection. Miss Close notes: "He went off to get it, and returned with what looked like a small bath-sponge, about the size of the palm of my hand, dull yellow in colour, and pitted with tiny holes, while, embedded in it, like a plum in a bun, was a very large and most beautiful diamond."

"There," said Mr. Brown, "do you know what that is? It's the biggest gold nugget found on the Yukon last fall, and that," and he poked the diamond, "is the largest stone I could find in Noo York. You see . . . I have had it mounted as a brooch, so that my wife can wear it pinned on to her dress." Miss Close surmised that Mrs. Brown must wear tarpaulin clothes!

Those were the days when Calgary had, as side-walks, planks from which one fell into five inches of dust or mud, according to the weather; when

Indians were wont to run amok after trade-whisky had excited them to frenzy; and when, in Montreal, three children—aged from six down to babyhood—had the mun-u read to them by the waiter, on the demand of the eldest, and ordered beefsteak for the one and clams for the second. "I forget what the baby had," says Miss Close; but, she adds, the waiter had to cut up the steak. "We aren't allowed to touch knives," said the big brother; and he complained: "Say, you'll just cut that up smaller; my mouth ain't a slit in a door!"

Remain: Sweden; Russia, the Russia in which it was not wise to criticise the Powers or see the white convict-trains with the Imperial black eagle upon them; Manchuria and the Chinese servants' "squeeze"; China, its pet birds, its wily officials, its thrill-less opium dens, its ambition-inducing ancestor-worship; Japan, its glory of glories, Fuji, its rule-ridden gardens, its Europe-aping, and a meal including "a pink chrysanthemum flower, with a bud and a couple of green leaves" which revealed itself to be composed of strips of raw fish; and Korea, already well within Nippon's sphere of influence.

There the journeys end. Enough has been quoted to show with what vividness they have been recalled. Miss Close may be assured that, as she wishes, she has enlightened an hour or so for others. Her book is most excellent entertainment.

E. H. G.



SAVED, AND TO BE RECONDITIONED: GARRARD'S HOUSE, LAVENHAM, AT THE MOMENT OF ITS REPRIEVE; AND (ABOVE) THE CARVED FIFTEENTH-CENTURY DOORWAY.

Photographs of the village of Lavenham, with its famous old buildings, appear on pages 158, 159; and these include a view indicating the position of Garrard's House.

flickering in a most violent manner. Father Lomax and his assistants were greatly excited. They seized pencils and paper, took notes of the exact time and other details. In the meanwhile, Mother had remarked that when she stood near the instrument it became most violent, but when she moved away, it seemed to calm down in a remarkable manner. Then, and only then, she remembered that she was wearing a bustle—a thing like a steel bird-cage worn under the skirt, and then considered most fashionable. She hadn't the courage to tell the Reverend Father."

Followed, Morocco; with fleas rampant, bathing-troubles, stories of the Rifi, hunting with the sacred Shereef of Wezzan, stewed cat as a suggested delicacy, and an elaborate Palace meal in which there figured fingers—of the right hand only, for the Society was high!—kid, and, most awkward of all to handle, partridge's eggs poached in oil and served hot.

After this Spain—and an interview between Mother, who had not the gift of tongues, and an Editor guiltless of any language but his own, which had as sequel a newspaper column describing "how an English lady with her son and daughter have been shooting lions in Africa and are taking a short cut home to England via Spain." A tale without truth, but persistent and protective, although it could not counteract *mucho flío*; make stewed cuttle-

* "Excursions and Some Adventures." By Etta Close, O.B.E., F.R.G.S., Author of "A Woman Alone in Kenya, Uganda, and the Belgian Congo." (Constable and Co., Ltd.; 12s. net.)



Pan—Peter Pan—and Craven!

From the mistiest times of antiquity the Great God Pan—though somewhat plain to outward seeming—has been acclaimed as the true symbol of the very soul of music—the embodiment of all that is sweetest and most poignant in harmonious melody. Just as truly and certainly, Craven Mixture—in the plain old tins—is regarded by every knowledgeable smoker as standing for all that is smoothest, sweetest and most satisfying in tobacco.

Modern youth, in the course of its catholic search for the ideal pipe tobacco, is finding it in this cool smoking mixture—cured and matured in the good, old-fashioned way.

Sir James Barrie has earned the undying gratitude of his countrymen in two widely dissimilar ways. He has created for us Peter Pan, the ever-young; and has immortalised Craven Mixture, the ever-constant, as "A Tobacco to Live For!"

craven

MIXTURE TOBACCO

Made by Carreras, Ltd., London. Established 1788

Have You Tried Double Broad Cut?

No smalls—no shorts—no dust—absolute smoking economy.



THE SPIRIT OF THE OCEAN

Of all the roads that men follow in life what finer than the highway of the deep? For there is found incomparable freedom that invigorates and ever-constant charm that brings peace to body and mind. The sailor's faith to the sea is like mankind's faith to

DEWAR'S

THE EARTH AS JIG-SAW PUZZLE: ARE THE CONTINENTS DRIFTING?

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS, FROM MATERIAL IN PROFESSOR ALFRED WEGENER'S "THE ORIGIN OF CONTINENTS AND OCEANS," AND IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN." (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 186.)



THE WORLD ORIGINALLY ONE CONTINENT; BUT NOW IN PIECES THAT ARE GRADUALLY MOVING AWAY FROM THE NUCLEAR AFRICA! THE WEGENER THEORY ILLUSTRATED.

Professor Alfred Wegener, of the Department of Mineralogy and Climatology at the University of Graz, argues that, millions of years ago, the two Americas, Europe, Asia, Australia, Antarctica, and all the islands of the present-day world, were one continent, centred round Africa. "Tidal forces," he says—"the attraction of the sun and moon for the earth's solid mass (not ocean tides)—broke this super-continent up, and the pieces slowly dispersed in various directions,

like the blocks of a great flat cake of floating ice which is broken up by the waves. Some of these pieces, the present continents and islands, are drifting yet, gradually moving away from the nuclear Africa." We quote the "Scientific American." Mr. Davis here illustrates the theory, and an article describing it will be found on page 186. In ten years' time, the researches of the geodesists will tell whether the continents are drifting or not.—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

IT is a good thing for the King and Queen that the one Garden Party of this year comes at the end of the season. Especially is it so this year, when the invitation list is doubled. The gardens, which

in fine weather are a delight to the King and Queen, will not look so charming after workmen's preparations for a week before and ten thousand people at least at the function. The King works in a neat little pavilion in the garden near the Palace, and the Queen walks in the grounds often. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles's two boys are frequently in them, and when in town, infrequently, Princess Elizabeth of York takes her airings there. The Duchess of York is never long

THE NEW LADY-IN-WAITING TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK: THE LADY HELEN GRAHAM, SISTER OF THE DUKE OF MONTROSE.

Photograph by Vandyk.

parted from her little daughter, and most of her time is consequently spent in the country at Lord and Lady Strathmore's place, St. Paul's, Waldenbury, near Welwyn, Herts. Her Royal Highness will later on be going to Glamis with the Duke and the little Princess, and will be accorded a real Highland welcome.

The new Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York in place of Lady Katharine Meade (resigned) is Lady Helen Graham, sister of the Duke of Montrose, and a lady well known and very greatly liked in society and beloved by those who know her intimately. Her mother, the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, is a beautiful woman, and all through her life has been a model of what a great noblewoman should be. Dignified, quiet, stately, and distinctive in manner and in face she was and is. She was born a Graham, and married a Graham. Her father was Sir Frederick Graham of Netherby; her mother Lady Hermione St. Maur, eldest daughter of the twelfth Duke of Somerset, and a queen of beauty of her day. Her eldest daughter married the then Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and is now Dowager Countess of Verulam. The Duchess of Montrose is her second daughter, and her third daughter was the first wife of the Marquess of Crewe, to whom she was married when he was Lord Houghton. Lady Helen Graham is, therefore, widely related. By birth a Lowlander,

her heart may be said to be in the Highlands. Her only sister is the wife of Lochiel, whose ancestors fought the Lowlanders. Lady Helen is a cultured, widely read woman, and will be a delightful companion when on duty with the young royal Duchess whom she is to serve. Her mother had a charming voice in her younger days, and sang delightfully, and Lady Helen is very keen about music, as is also the Duchess of York.

WIFE OF THE M.C.C. SECRETARY: MRS. RONALD AIRD.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

Cowes Week is now coming nearer. Like the fresh-water festival at Henley, it is a thing by itself; there is no other assemblage of society at all like it.

The Squadron Castle gardens are the headquarters of the yachtpeople when ashore, and Lady Baring is a leading hostess at Nubia House. She is a cousin of the Duchess of York's new Lady-in-Waiting, as she is the daughter of the late Æneas Mackintosh of Mackintosh and of the Dowager Countess of Verulam. Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring are tremendous favourites at Cowes. During regatta week Lady Baring organises a ball in aid of island charities, and will again do so this year. Also this year, on the Saturday before regatta week, there is to be a fête at Carisbrooke Castle, which the Queen will attend, to raise funds to complete the Carisbrooke War Memorial, which is to take the form of alterations in the Chapel of St. Nicholas at Carisbrooke and the engraving on stone tablets of the names of 1800 men of the Isle of Wight who fell in the war. Lady Baring will entertain at Nubia House artists for a concert to be given in connection with the fête, including Miss Ruth Draper and Mr. Eric Marshall. The tennis courts at Nubia have been a great resort of young members of the party off the royal yacht. Princess Mary and Prince George, when at Cowes, played there regularly after their race aboard the *Britannia*.

Lady Baring has two daughters who help her to entertain and who are keen yachtswomen. One is unmarried; the other is Mrs. Ronald Aird, wife of the cricketer now secretary to the M.C.C., and therefore

not playing just now. Next cricket season Mrs. Ronald Aird will have to practise the clever hostessship she has inherited and learned from her mother, and entertain distinguished visitors to Lord's. She is pretty and bright and happy. Her husband is a nephew of Sir John Aird. She has two brothers; the elder served in the Great War with the Coldstream Guards, and was severely wounded; the younger is fourteen.



TO BE HOSTESS AT THE POLO TOURNAMENT AT COWDRAY NEXT WEEK THE HON. MRS. HAROLD PEARSON.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

Major the Hon. Harold and Mrs. Pearson have a polo tournament week concurrently with Goodwood at Cowdray Park, Midhurst. They have a reserved seat in the Paddock at Goodwood, and members of their house party can attend the races if they are so inclined; there is also a luncheon marquee under the trees at the side of the stand. Sometimes the polo begins when the races are all but over and the weather cooler—if, indeed, it be hot. Mrs. Harold Pearson is a daughter of that clever, capable, and much esteemed lady, widow of the late Lord Edward Spencer-Churchill, fifth son of the sixth Duke of Marlborough. She has one sister, who is the wife of the Hon. Ben Bathurst, and one unmarried brother, Captain Edward Churchill, M.C., who inherited a large fortune through his mother's relative, Lady Northwick, and lives at Northwick Park, County Worcester. He served in the Great War, and previously in the South African War, and won in the former the M.C. and the Croix de Guerre. He is unmarried.

Major and Mrs. Pearson have one son and five daughters. The two elder daughters are out; the second is a débutante of this year. The third girl, Miss Angela Pearson, is twin with her brother, and has entered her seventeenth year. They are a good-looking family,

and their grandmother, Viscountess Cowdray, is very proud of them. They are well brought up and full of the joy of life, loving outdoor sports and animals, and are quite natural, unselfish, and kind. Naturally, they have hosts of friends. In addition to Cowdray Park, they have a very fine mansion in Mount Street, where a big ball was given for the débutante daughter this season.

Viscountess Wimborne made a real success of the marriage of her elder daughter, now the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Hay. She had, of course, much in her favour—

a tall and handsome young couple as central figures. Mr. Hay is very good-looking, and is distinguished by a white patch in the midst of his dark crop of well-cared-for hair. The bride is tall and fair, and then Lady Wimborne had a very fine house for her reception. Not one of the old mansions of London, but one very spacious, with the interior decorations exceptionally rich and effective, and the reception-rooms all on the ground floor. Also she had as guests the second most popular King in Europe, Alfonso of Spain, and his English Queen, Eugénie Victoria. These advantages, great as they were, would not have made perfect success without great thought and immense care on the part of the hostess, by whom all things were perfectly arranged, and by the taste shown in the procession, church decorations, and house decorations. It would be hard to state correctly how many people were there. I heard say it was the very prettiest and best-arranged wedding at which they had ever been.

There were, I have been told, afternoon parties at the Foreign Office when Lord Grey was Secretary for Foreign Affairs. I was never at one. Lady (Austen) Chamberlain's was the first I had been to there. It was a charming affair, with quite an imposing dignity about it. The entrance and the fine stairway gave an impression of solemn stateliness which prevented the usual frivolities being exchanged by the ascending and descending guests. True, I saw Lord Iveagh talking to and laughing with Lady Maxwell. Lady Chamberlain is a delightful hostess, because she never fusses. Everything is thought out

and arranged, and then she is just naturally glad to see everyone and leave them to enjoy themselves. The reception-room, the red-brocade-walled Cabinet room, and the portrait-hung dining-room were used, and almost everyone sat down to tea at round tables. This is so much more comfortable than standing with food or drink in hand terrified of unconscious attack and consequent disaster to one's own or someone else's clothes. Unfortunately, space in private houses does not admit of this comfort always. Sir Austen devoted himself to hospitable duties very thoroughly, and one was able to see how delightful his smile is. He does not wear it often; his monocle is more in favour with him. A. E. L.



HOSTESS TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN ON THE OCCASION OF HER DAUGHTER'S WEDDING: VISCOUNTESS WIMBORNE.

Photograph by Whillock.



A GRANDDAUGHTER OF LORD COWDRAY: MISS NANCY PEARSON.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

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To the 10th Hussars belongs the honour of bringing it to Aldershot in 1869, and about five years later Hurlingham became definitely associated with the game. In the shade of the stately chestnuts of Hurlingham, within sight of the old eighteenth century mansion that is its clubhouse, Polo has developed, become national, then international in character, the greatest equestrian game in the world.

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Suggestions for
Remnants from
the Sales.

Next week,
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remnant day,

as far as the sales are concerned, and every woman who is clever with her needle should seize the opportunity, for the holidays will give her leisure to make fascinating little oddments costing almost nothing. Cretonne, for instance, can be bought in large pieces for very little money, and will make numberless accessories for the seaside. It is the fashion this year to have bathing cloaks as brightly patterned as possible, and every possessor of an old one of plain towelling can easily cover it with cretonne, making a wrap both warm and effective. Beach bags and cushions, fashioned of another remnant to match, complete quite a fashionable outfit. And there are more ambitious uses for this material. Sleeveless waistcoats and odd coats look charming over summer frocks, and take little more than a yard or so. Similar models made of silks and brocades are ideal for the evening in hotel restaurants and lounges. As for summer frocks, they are so inexpensive to buy that it seems almost superfluous to make them oneself, but materials for early autumn frocks are well worth purchasing now. And as it is a safe prophecy that straight frocks with pleats and panels will continue to be in favour for some time, it is a simple matter to choose some of those soft, "flannelly" fabrics which are so easy to work and so effective when finished.



Striped taffeta in the gayest of colourings makes this fascinating bathing outfit for the fashionable "plages" from the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

For the
Fashionable
Casinos.

Women are naturally reluctant to buy really expensive evening dresses at this time of year, before the dress shows have indicated the new modes. Yet for the fashionable casinos they must be prepared to look invariably well dressed, with as much variation as possible. The new vogue for head-dresses and swathed bandeaux round the hair will help a great deal to this end. For these remnants of brocade and tissue can be secured in various colours, and handbags made to match, the set adding a distinctive touch to the simplest frock. A few strands of diamanté (which can be bought by the yard) will add a finishing touch, and the colour schemes may be varied so often that the change of frock becomes a detail of far less importance.

A Last Week
of Bargains.

There is yet another week of the great sale at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., and many bargains still remain for those who lose no time in capturing them. To wear with early autumn suits, for instance, tailored overblouses such as the two pictured here are essential. The one on the left is of heavy white Macclesfield crêpe piped with fawn, and the other is of striped "Sildick," also a heavy washing crêpe. They are each perfectly cut and tailored, and will wear splendidly. Another simple well-fitting model, of crêpe-de-Chine, with pleated front, is available for 29s. 6d., in many colours, and those of tussore silk faced with Macclesfield crêpe are 17s. 6d. Sports jumpers in botany wool or schappe yarn, completed with ties and pockets, can be secured for 12s. 9d. In the other departments dressing-gowns in check and plain flannels and nuns-veilings can be secured for 10s. each, and a limited number of beach gowns are offered at 10s. and 5s. The entire stock of model gowns are to be cleared at sacrificial prices, and are placed in four groups of £5, £7, £8, and £10. They include frocks for the morning, afternoon, restaurant and ball-room.

Bathing Dresses
for the
Fashionable
Plages.

Imagination is allowed to run riot in the creation of bathing dresses this season, and nowhere are there to be found more fascinating models than at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. One carried out in rayon silk has long trousers and a tight-fitting coat appropriately embroidered with three aces to bring luck at the tables in the evening; and another is

expressed in Madonna-blue taffeta trimmed with gold and silver leather. A decided novelty, too, is the stockinette swimmer decorated with swallows made of real feathers. Then there is the distinctive model in striped taffeta pictured on this page. The long tunic is trimmed with frills, and there are knickers to match. Everyone who is going abroad should visit these salons and view the infinite choice of interesting models.

For White
Tennis Shoes.

The growing popularity of lawn tennis is making a great demand for "Snowene"—the white cleaner which quickly gives a perfect white finish to buckskin and white canvas sports shoes. This excellent dressing is obtained in convenient aluminium containers, complete with cleaning sponge, at 7d., and refill blocks are sold at 2d. each.

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Heavy white Macclesfield crêpe piped with fawn expresses this simple jumper for the holidays from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., whose sale is still in progress.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.



Striped "Sildick," a crêpe which washes and wears splendidly, has been chosen for this useful overblouse for sports and travelling, which hails from Dickins and Jones.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.



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(From a painting by Christopher Clark, R.I.)

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

HOW greatly society depends upon the individuals of exceptional gifts which it throws up in every generation may be illustrated by the career of Mr. Serge Diaghileff, to whom we owe not only a new art form—the modern "Russian" ballet—but a widespread art propaganda to which there is no modern parallel outside the work of William Morris during the last century. For Mr. Diaghileff, through his Russian Ballet company, has for the last dozen years toured the capitals of Europe and spread the influence of his own taste throughout the world.

Mr. Diaghileff began with a strictly Russian company which performed the national ballets as given in St. Petersburg and in Moscow during the first decade of the twentieth century. The Russian Ballet of that period had emerged, under the guidance of men of talent with new ideas, such as Fokine, from the old conventional Italianate style to what was a heterodox, but more national style. Ballets, such as "Thamar," "Prince Igor," "Scheherazade," were composed to music by Russian composers, such as Balakirev, Borodin, and Rimsky-Korsakov. These three composers belonged to the national as opposed to the eclectic school of which Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky were the leaders, and the choreography was by Russians and not by Italian ballet-masters. When Diaghileff left Russia with his company he commissioned the young Stravinsky, who had received the orthodox musical training at one of the two leading musical institutions in Russia, to compose the music for several ballets, of which "The Firebird" was the first and least original. Nobody could have foreseen from "The Firebird" what the later developments would be, but "Petrushka" and "Le Sacre du Printemps" were

both enormously successful, and did more than anything to spread the reputation of the Diaghileff ballets. "Petrushka" the most popular of all the ballets, was in its way quite as original and epoch-marking as "Le Sacre," although less bizarre. We have only to recollect the pre-Russian type of ballet as exemplified in Delibes' "Coppelia," to realise what a remarkable development was given to the ballet form, even by "Scheherazade," "Thamar,"

Ballet is now more French than Russian, although the actual dancers are still Russian, with a sprinkling of English. The principals, with the exception of Sokolova, and perhaps one or two men whose nationality is unknown to me, are Russian, and Karsavina and Lopokova have not yielded the premier places to any newcomers. But the music and the *décor* to the majority of the new ballets added to Mr. Diaghileff's repertory are by French artists and com-

posers. To take the music first, it must be admitted that, so far, Mr. Diaghileff has not made any discoveries comparable with his discovery of Stravinsky. He had the good judgment to commission ballets by Debussy and Ravel, but these were the two foremost French composers of the day, and their ballets have not remained in his repertory. Debussy's "Jeux" has not been given since Nijinsky danced in it, as far as I know; and Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" has not appeared on Diaghileff's programme for some years.

Of the younger French composers, Francis Poulenc and Georges Auric have been responsible for the music to most of the new ballets, but neither of these composers has proved to be of outstanding merit, and Auric is frankly a musician of very slight ability. Prokofiev, who is the one young composer who shows signs of possessing more than talent, has not been given much opportunity to display his gifts by Mr. Diaghileff; but, on the other hand, we have to credit Mr.

Diaghileff with the discovery of Dukelsky, a young Russian musician who has composed the excellent music to the ballet, "Zephyr and Flora." Dukelsky's music is greatly superior to that of either Poulenc or Auric, and it is to be hoped that he will be given further opportunities. One young English composer, Constant Lambert, the son of a well-known Australian painter, has had the honour of composing a ballet for Diaghileff—the amusing "Romeo and Juliet," which was performed for the first time this season in London—

[Continued overleaf.]



A "GREEK THEATRE" AT A COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL: "THE TROJAN WOMEN" PRESENTED AT WALTHAMSTOW.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

and "The Firebird," to say nothing of "Petrushka." Yet, although it is only ten or twelve years ago since London first saw these earlier Russian ballets, we now look upon them as comparatively old-fashioned, with the exception of "Petrushka."

During these twelve years, the Russian Ballet has been domiciled in Paris, London, and Monte Carlo, and has become cosmopolitan, but with a French bias. Paris may be said to have become Mr. Diaghileff's headquarters, and the Diaghileff



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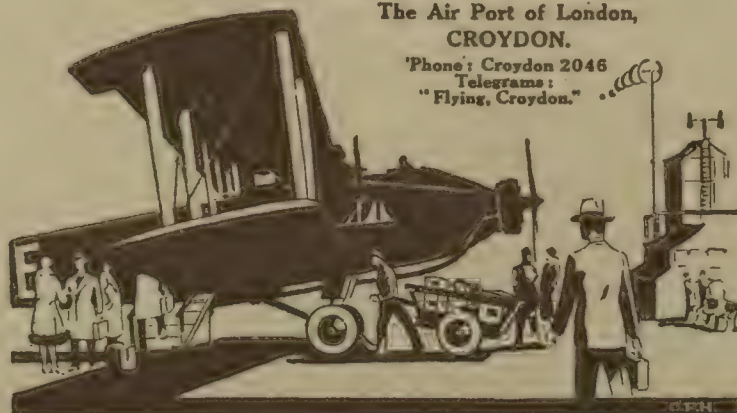
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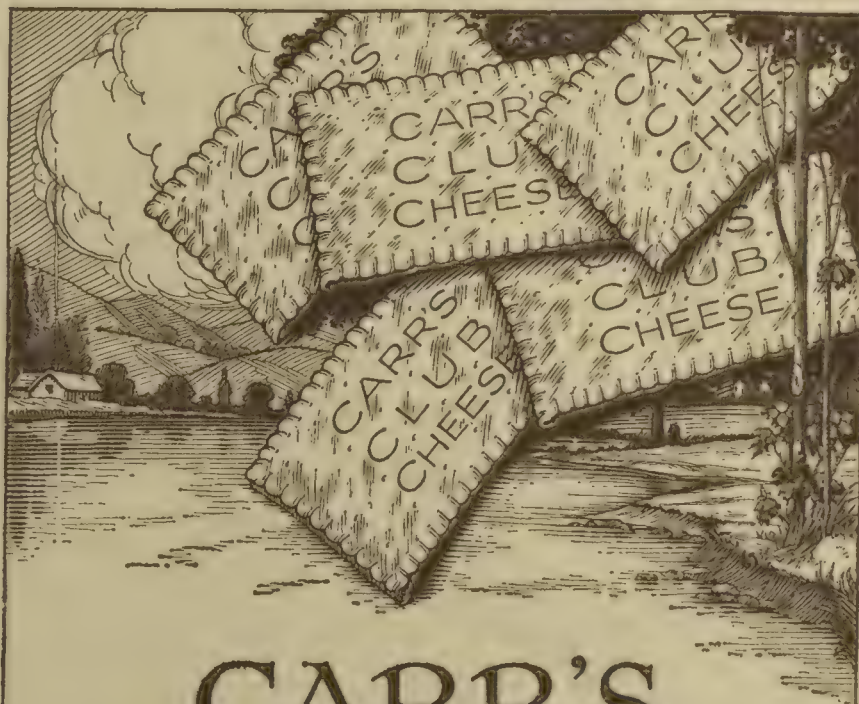
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Continued.

and it is to be hoped that a ballet will be commissioned from W. T. Walton, another promising young English composer, who wrote the music to Miss Edith Sitwell's "Façade" poems. His overture, "Portsmouth Point," has been frequently played as one of the musical interludes at the Ballet this season.

It is, however, on the pictorial side that Mr. Diaghileff has been most uniformly successful. Here his *flair* has been very remarkable indeed. He commissioned scenery and costumes from extraordinarily gifted French artists whose names were comparatively unknown even in Paris and who were totally unknown outside that city. Even to-day the names of such painters as Picasso, Braque, Dérain, Sert, Marie Laurencin, Utrillo, etc., are known only to a few connoisseurs, although they are among the most vital and important of living artists. It is a long step from Bakst, Benois, and even Gontcharova to Picasso and Braque, and it shows an astonishing development of Mr. Diaghileff's taste that he should so quickly have assimilated pictorial tendencies so foreign to those with which his ballets started. I can imagine no greater contrast than that between the Bakst setting of "Scheherazade" and the Picasso setting of "The Three-Cornered Hat" or "Parade." Bakst, although an artist of considerable invention and vitality, had nothing of the individual fineness of colour-sense and masterly draughtsmanship of Picasso; and we may put down the earlier Russian ballets, with their Eastern colouring and exotic Oriental richness of colour, as belonging to a definitely earlier period in the history of art. The new movement is exemplified in the work of Picasso, Utrillo, and Braque. These are painters whose work could

not have been conceived of in the nineteenth century. They are as much the "art of the future" as Wagner's music was, in 1860, the "music of the future," and with them begins an artistic revolution which will have enormous influence not only in the theatre, but in domestic decoration and furniture generally.

The ordinary theatre does not use real artists,

a Victorian forest scene? The public had got used to these horrors; but a public which has once become sensible to the extraordinary visual beauty of the setting and of the costumes of the majority of the Russian ballets will not go back with indifference to the antiquated ugliness of the ordinary theatre scenery. Some managers—such, for example, as Mr. Nigel

Playfair—have made praiseworthy attempts to employ genuine artists to design settings; and much of the success of "The Beggar's Opera" was due to the scenery and dresses of the late Lovat Fraser. Those who saw "Polly," the successor to "The Beggar's Opera," will remember with pleasure Mr. William Nicholson's delightful scenery. Mr. C. B. Cochran is another theatre manager with an eye to *décor*, and he has employed William Nicholson and André Dérain to design ballets for him. It must be confessed, however, that England is at present much less rich in artistic talent than France. Men like Picasso, Dérain, Braque, Matisse and Utrillo are hard to find in England, although genuine artists of great gifts do exist if one searches for them. For example, one may justly accuse Mr. Diaghileff of Anglophobia and of Francophilism in not giving any opportunity to

such an admirable English artist as Duncan Grant, who would certainly be capable of doing far finer work than the setting and costumes by the Spanish painter Pruna to "La Pastorale." Perhaps Mr. Diaghileff will now make amends, and give us a ballet by English artists. I suggest W. T. Walton for the music and Duncan Grant for the *décor*. After all the hospitality the English public has given to Mr. Diaghileff's company, I think that he owes us this tribute to English artists. W. J. TURNER.



A NOVELTY AT TATTERSALL'S: SALUKIS BROUGHT TO THE SALUKI CLUB'S SHOW BY OWNERS AND ATTENDANTS IN EASTERN DRESS.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

but a special school of craftsmen who are within their limitations excellent workmen, but without any creative powers, and often slaves to extremely bad taste and to worn-out conventions. The scenery of the ordinary London theatre, once it departs from the depicting of a Mayfair drawing-room, is atrociously bad. In particular, any outdoor scene is sure to be painted in the old-fashioned realistic manner which deceives nobody, and is in itself hideously ugly. What could be less attractive and less like a real wood than

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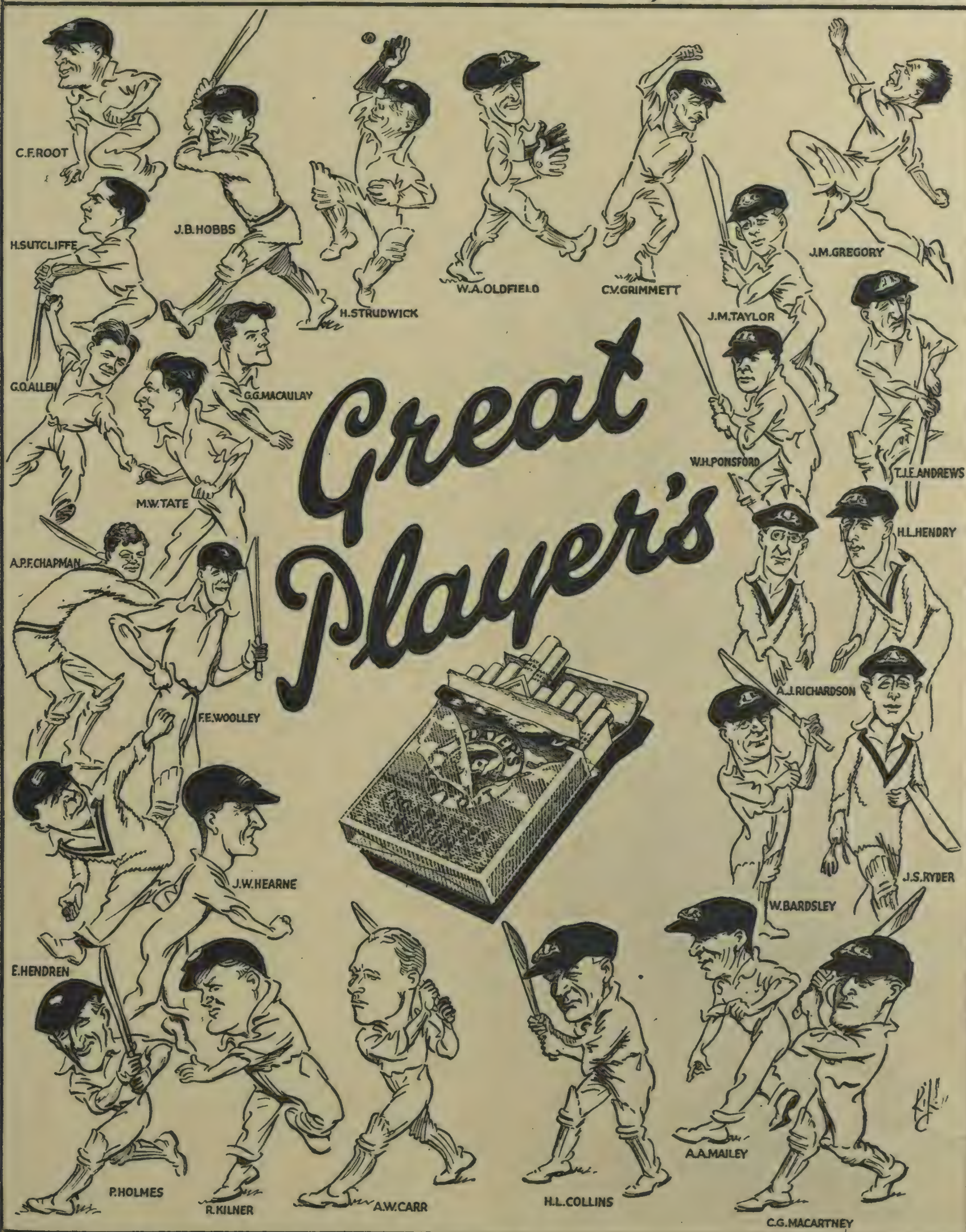
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By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE SAFETY OF A FAST CAR: THE NEW SPEED MODEL BENTLEY.

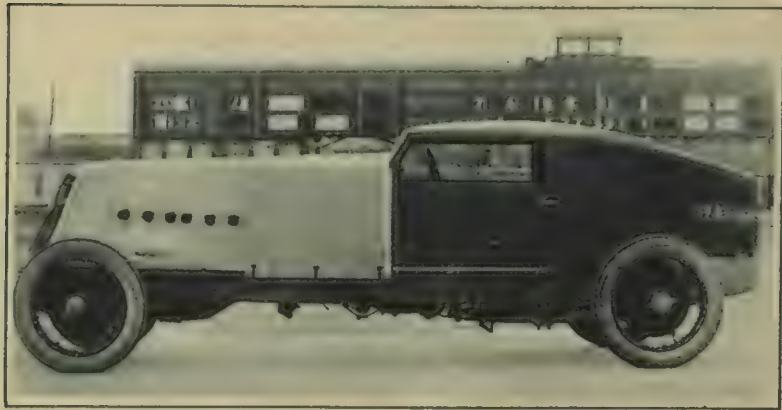
ONE of the most interesting cars I have driven for many years is the new speed model Bentley, which I understand is putting up a formidable fight for a leading position in the ranks of the fastest touring cars in the world. I have been lucky enough to drive all of what I believe to be the fastest cars

Bentley, as a whole, from the mere speed point of view, may perhaps have been surpassed more than once by its rivals; but I do not think that many of them would find it easy to beat the Bentley in one very important feature—real ease of handling. I will explain what I mean when I come to describe the trial.

The Bentley is one of the few cars built to-day which has varied little or not at all from season to season. The four-cylinder 3-litre engine, with its bore and stroke of 80 by 149, and its sixteen overhead-operated valves, remains practically the same as in previous years, the only important change being the fitting of twin carburettors. There is a gradually increasing tendency on the part of the makers of fast and costly cars to adopt this arrangement, and I suppose, therefore, that there is some definite gain in power; but I noticed that, as has been my experience so far

the brakes, for the fact that at almost any speed the Bentley is one of the most easily controlled cars I have had the luck to drive. To give you an instance of what I mean, it is not only possible, but quite easy, to change down from top speed at fifty or more miles an hour straight into second, leaving out the intermediate third—and when I say easy, I mean exactly that. The change can be made with the most amazing swiftness, and, so to speak, while you draw a breath the car is put instantly under your full control. Acceleration on second speed is very remarkable (sixty miles an hour was actually reached on the trial), and enables you to slip out of a tight corner if need be; but its companion virtue, deceleration, is equally at your command, and until you have tried it you could not guess at the extraordinary braking effect this gear-engagement gives.

While this is essentially a car in which every gear in the box should be made full use of as often as may be necessary, the engine has a really remarkable degree of flexibility, and it is by no means difficult to drive slowly on top speed. Naturally, this is not the way in which to treat a car of this kind, but, if you do, you do it very successfully and the engine makes no complaint.



WINNER OF THE 24-HOURS WORLD'S RECORD: THE 45-H.P. RENAULT.

The twenty-four-hours record was regained by the 45-h.p. Renault shown above at an average speed of 108.3 miles per hour on the Montlhéry Track (France) on July 10. Nine other records were also secured.

on the road, both British and foreign, and, though most of them have had one or more special features which distinguish them from their rivals, I do not remember that any of them gave me quite the same impression as did this latest Bentley when I took it out a short time ago to find out its accomplishments and failings.

It would be unwise to commit oneself to saying that this or that notoriously fast car was actually capable of a higher maximum speed than another,

with twin carburettors, the idle running is not so good as with the single carburetter.

I think I am right in saying that throughout the remainder of the chassis no change has been made, except that there has been a steady general improvement, the chief feature I noticed being the action of the clutch. That in the Bentley which I had previously driven required a certain amount of humouring, but in this new speed model its work was really practically faultless, as I shall show presently. The four-wheel brakes are impressive in their performance, and a considerable advance on the older types.

The same may be said of the steering, which I found to be considerably lighter than in the old car. The finish is, as before, excellent, not only in unessentials like dashboard fittings and controls, but on all working parts. The engine is a fine sight for the mechanically-minded.

I do not remember very well what the old speed model coachwork was like, and so I cannot compare the two. Nor, I suppose, is it fair to criticise the latest type, for the simple reason that I personally dislike nearly every form of sporting coachwork, and so am seldom moved to take any interest in it. It is nearly always horribly uncomfortable. I find it hard to believe that the fitting

of such sketchy accommodation makes any appreciable difference to either the maximum or the average speed in a car. That, however, is the affair of the buyer. The Bentley bodywork would not be comfortable enough for me, but those whom it pleases will find it very well finished.

I took the Bentley over rather a searching test run of give-and-take roads on which, as it turned out, the peculiar quality of controllability to which I have already referred was particularly well brought out. I spoke just now of the excellence of the clutch action, and of the plan of the gear ratios. I am almost inclined to give these two at least equal credit with the acceleration of the engine and the response of



WITH A WELL-PROTECTED DICKY FOR TWO: THE 14-40-H.P. SUNBEAM COUPÉ.

Engine speed is high, but (and this is another case of an improvement over older models) I could detect no trace of vibration at any speed. When we were doing sixty miles an hour on second gear, I could notice no more tremor of the steering-wheel rim or the floor-boards than when we were doing fifty miles an hour on fourth. The gears themselves make very little noise at any speed. I do not care for the rather loud bark of the exhaust.

Certainly one of the most interesting cars sold to-day, and most certainly one of the pleasantest to drive. You get absolutely no sensation of effort on



AN ATTRACTIVE CAR IN A DERBYSHIRE LANE: THE NEW WILLYS-KNIGHT SLEEVE-VALVE MODEL 70.

largely because, unless they were all raced together on the track at Brooklands under exactly equal conditions, it would be exceedingly difficult to prove. I will go so far, however, as to say that, in the hands of an ordinarily experienced driver, the Bentley would prove on the road to be pretty well as fast as any of the others I have driven. It is not, however, in the actual maximum speed which I daresay this car can attain—I need hardly say that on the road I did not come within ten miles an hour of it—in which I was most interested, but in the remarkable degree of controllability which the combination of very powerful engine, an almost ideally designed gearbox, a clutch of the same quality, and remarkably good brakes combined to produce.

Other very fast cars have also very powerful engines, very powerful brakes, and in some, but not so many, instances first-class gear-boxes; but not many have these necessities for a really fast touring car in so pronounced a degree. The performance of the



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ARE THE CONTINENTS DRIFTING?

(SEE PAGE 175.)

Our article is a condensation of one published in the "Scientific American," by whose courtesy we give it.

SUPPOSE a giant, standing in the Pacific Ocean, should place one hand against North America and the other hand against South America, and push both continents eastward across the Atlantic Ocean until they came up against Europe and Africa. If you will look at a map of the world you will find that the two Americas would fit the irregular curve of the opposite shores of the Atlantic almost as neatly as a ferry-boat fits its slip. They would fit almost like the parts of a jig-saw puzzle.

This seems to be a remarkable coincidence. Is it only a coincidence? Professor Alfred Wegener, of the department of mineralogy and climatology at the Austrian University of Graz, says it is not. Millions of years ago, he says, the two Americas, as well as Europe, Asia, Australia, Antarctica, and all the islands of the present-day world, were one continent, centred around Africa.

Tidal forces—the attraction of the sun and moon for the earth's solid mass (not ocean tides)—broke this super-continent up, and the pieces slowly dispersed in various directions, like the blocks of a great, flat cake of floating ice which is broken up by the waves. Some of these pieces, the present continents and islands, are drifting yet, gradually moving away from the nuclear Africa. This theory is startling. To many it seems absurd. It may prove to be erroneous. It may gain final acceptance among geologists. At the present time it is strongly heterodox, but there is something about it that seems to captivate the interest of scientists.

How could the continents actually drift? Are they not attached to the solid heart of the earth? In fact, are they not an integral part of it? To explain this we shall have to go back a way. For a long time the geologists, geodesists, and geophysicists have known that the earth is solid all through, not molten, according to the early belief. Earthquake waves arriving through the earth show us this fact.

The central core of the earth is probably a mixture of nickel and iron. Suess, a famous geophysicist, therefore named this core material *nife* (Ni, nickel; Fe, iron—chemical symbols). Surrounding this spherical core of *nife* is a deep layer of material which Suess called *sima*, its chief constituents being silica (Si)

and magnesium (Ma). The heavy rock, basalt, is a kind of *sima*. Third, and uppermost, comes the lighter *sial*, forming the continents and islands, but lacking in the sea-beds, where the *sima* layer lies bare.

The core of *nife* we can forget in this consideration. The *sima* and *sial* we shall need to remember. The *sima* layer is heavier than the *sial* of which the continents and islands are composed. Therefore, the *sial* lies on top. Basalt has a specific gravity of about 3—that is, it is three times as heavy as water, volume for volume. Granitic and gneissic rocks, which compose most of the land surfaces, have a specific gravity of only about 2.9. The floating blocks of *sial* average about sixty miles thick. It is hard to think of solid rocks as "floating" on other solid rocks. Rock, however, is viscous, solid as it appears. True, it is not as viscous as things we ordinarily call viscous—motor-oil, syrup, tar—but in a relative sense it is viscous.

In laboratory experiments, rocks placed under enormous pressure have been made to flow within fairly short lengths of time. Given more time, less pressure will likewise produce a flow. Even under slight stress some rocks bend. We have all seen thin stone slabs that have sagged at the centre. Another analogy, familiar to geologists, is that between the rocks of the earth's crust and common pitch. You can press your whole weight against cold pitch without deforming it. Yet if you place a fifty-cent piece on its surface and leave it there a while, you will discover that the coin has gradually worked its way down into the pitch. Like pitch, rock will flow if there is time, except that it needs much more time for the same amount of pressure.

If you conceive the continents as blocks of *sial*, some sixty miles thick, based on a heavier layer of *sima* beneath, and if you know that rocks actually do flow under pressure in long periods of time, you will have no difficulty in imagining how the present continents of the earth might have drifted in different directions like the broken cakes of an ice-floe. The continents must not, however, be conceived as resting on top of the underlying *sima*, but as floating in it, like a piece of toast in a rarebit. That is, the continents are nearly as dense as the *sima*, therefore they float low, with only about three miles of vertical projection above the ocean bed.

Another point over which we may hesitate is the continental shelf. Where is the actual edge of the continent? In school we drew maps (some of us

traced them), and thus we learned the geographical outlines of the continents. Now we must forget these mere geographical outlines and learn the revised physiographical map showing the continental shelf as an integral part of the continents.

Now let us go back in geologic time to the juvenile earth, and try to get some idea of the sequence through which its continents are supposed by Professor Wegener to have passed. For hundreds of millions of years there was only one continent, or super-continent. Life existed on it and evolved practically as our geologies teach, except that instead of existing on separate continents, it was all on one greater continent. Thus, early in the Jurassic Period, perhaps 40,000,000 years ago, Antarctica, Australia, with New Zealand and New Guinea, India, and South America lay adjoining South Africa; Asia and North America were further away from the centre, but were still a part of the single mass.

In the course of the Mesozoic Era (Age of Reptiles) and the Tertiary Period (Age of Mammals), this great area broke up, progressively, into smaller blocks of land, and these began a dispersive drift. What broke them up? What dispersed them? Here Wegener's theory, which he prefers to call "the theory of the displacement of the continents," is a little shaky. Other scientists have belaboured it strenuously, because no cause that seemed sufficient to account for the break-up and drift has been given.

In Cretaceous times, South America broke away from the super-continent and drifted westward until it met with the strong resistance of the well-cooled Pacific Ocean floor. The drifting force continuing, the western margin of South America was crumpled up, and we have the Andes range of mountains. North America remained attached to Greenland, and Greenland to the Old World, at least by its northern half, until comparatively recently, perhaps only a million years ago. Now that it has cast off, Greenland is thought to be moving away from Scotland at the rate of 60 to 120 feet per year. It ought, then, to be easy to test this Greenland drift.

What is planned includes not only Greenland, but many other points in the world. Last year, at a meeting of the world's geodesists, it was voted to establish a world network of longitude determinations obtained by radio time-signals, a method which is precise. Ten years hence, a redetermination will tell whether the continents are drifting or not. Radio alone makes this fine degree of precision possible.

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THE WILD TIGER WHO GAVE DAYLIGHT "SITTINGS" FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

(Continued from Page 148.)

a tiger to behave in such an extraordinary way. One often hears people speak of how beautiful such-and-such an animal looked before he died, but surely nobody with a real love of the beautiful in Nature can care for the subsequent skin or head, often grotesquely mounted and bearing no resemblance to the animal before death, when it is possible by photography to obtain real, life-like reproductions of the actual scenes. Such pictures, hanging on one's walls in subsequent years, bring back vividly, as no skin or head can ever do, what may have been the most thrilling moments of one's life. Surely, looking at the photographs, one can half-close one's eyes and see, not photographs, but real scenes. One can feel again the warm air and hear the hum of the insects; one can see the shifting sunlight as the midday breeze stirs the leaves and throws the tiger into alternate light and shade; and, lastly, one can see the living, breathing tiger as he lies—and yet have no final vision of the magnificent king of the jungle lying in his death agony to mar the pleasure of a wonderful afternoon.

When all the plates had been exposed—and how we longed for more!—we continued to discuss what to do next; until, finally, the tiger got up and strolled off up the *sot* bed. My wife and I then got off Balmati to arrange the flashlight apparatus, while "A" kept watch on the elephant a little way forward in the direction in which the tiger had gone. We hadn't been doing this for five minutes before "A" called out: "Look out; he's coming back," but the sound of his shout turned the tiger, who went back again, apparently to sit down in the bushes a little farther off. We made a lot of noise arranging the flashlight apparatus, but we hoped that the tiger wouldn't mind very much, considering his casual behaviour so

far, and left the place after about an hour. The flashes were fired off about 5 p.m., and when we returned next morning we found that the kill was just as we had left it, pointing to the probability that the tiger had returned to the kill, fired off the flashes, and hence deserted it. We therefore abandoned the kill as of no further use, but, on developing the plate the same evening, we found a fine picture of the buffalo's carcass—and nothing else! What fired off those flashes I cannot say, as no living creature could have done so without having his picture recorded on the plate, and, as has just been said, there was nothing there!

It now appeared that the tiger had again done the unexpected and had not returned; so we decided to make a further attempt at daylight photography the following day. At 2 p.m. we repeated our cautious stalk up to the kill, but this time the tiger was not there—neither was the dead buffalo! The tiger had apparently returned in the night, cleared out the entrails—a tiger is a first-class butcher—and carried the remains off in such a way as to leave no trace of where he had gone. Vainly we searched for at least an hour, but finally had to give it up, when, just as we were leaving for good, my wife noticed a slight disturbance on the leaves, which, on being followed up, proved to be what we had been searching for all the afternoon. We eagerly followed up the track on foot, as the slope was too steep for the elephant, and finally, after having gone on the wrong scent several times, came upon the remains of the kill, which had been alternately carried

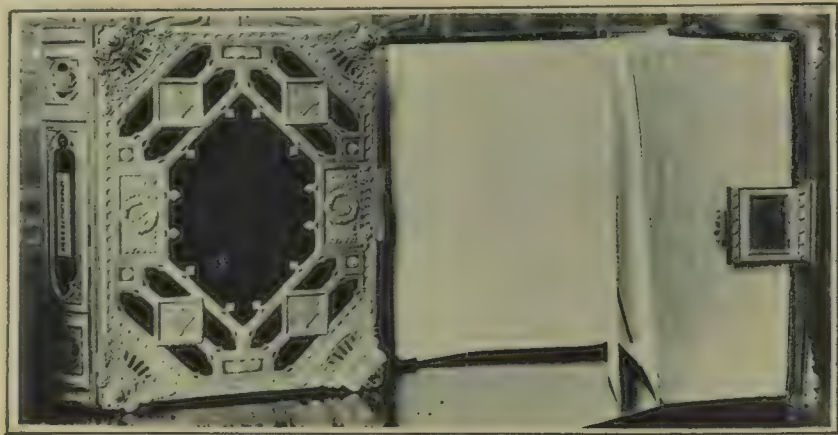
and dragged over 100 yards and up a slope of about 60 deg. There was no sign of the tiger, so we again fitted up the flashlight camera, hoping that we had not made too much noise in doing so.

The next morning we found that our good luck continued, as the flashes had been fired, and, extraordinary to relate, the kill had again been removed a short distance and practically all consumed. It appeared that the tiger had returned, fired the flashes, removed the kill, and proceeded to eat it calmly a few yards away, as though nothing had

happened. This seemed extraordinary enough, but the resultant negative was to prove even more extraordinary, in that it does not portray the same tiger at all, but a large cub of some six feet length instead. It is, of course, impossible to say exactly what happened, beyond the fact that the tiger walking down the path is the same tiger who killed the buffalo and whom we photographed by day—as is clear from a study of the facial markings in the photographs—but it seems probable that this tiger removed the kill up the steep slope from its original position, as it is very improbable that the cub could have done this. The cub then came to the kill before the tiger, fired off the flashes and bolted, to be followed later by the tiger, who made his meal undisturbed. This theory is borne out by the fact that, on the day of our arrival in this forest, my orderly had reported that he had seen a tiger and large cub near the side of the road. It seems an extraordinary thing for a male tiger to keep a large cub with him, but the animal who killed the buffalo and whose photograph we took in the daytime was very obviously a male unaccompanied by any cub at the time. Another unusual feature about this tiger is the stripe across the foreleg, which is a very uncommon marking indeed in tigers.

After this final episode we had to leave these fascinating jungles, and now hope that this tiger may be left in peace.

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Photographs by the "Times."

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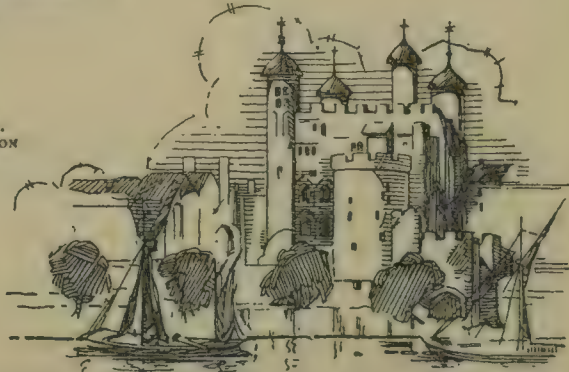


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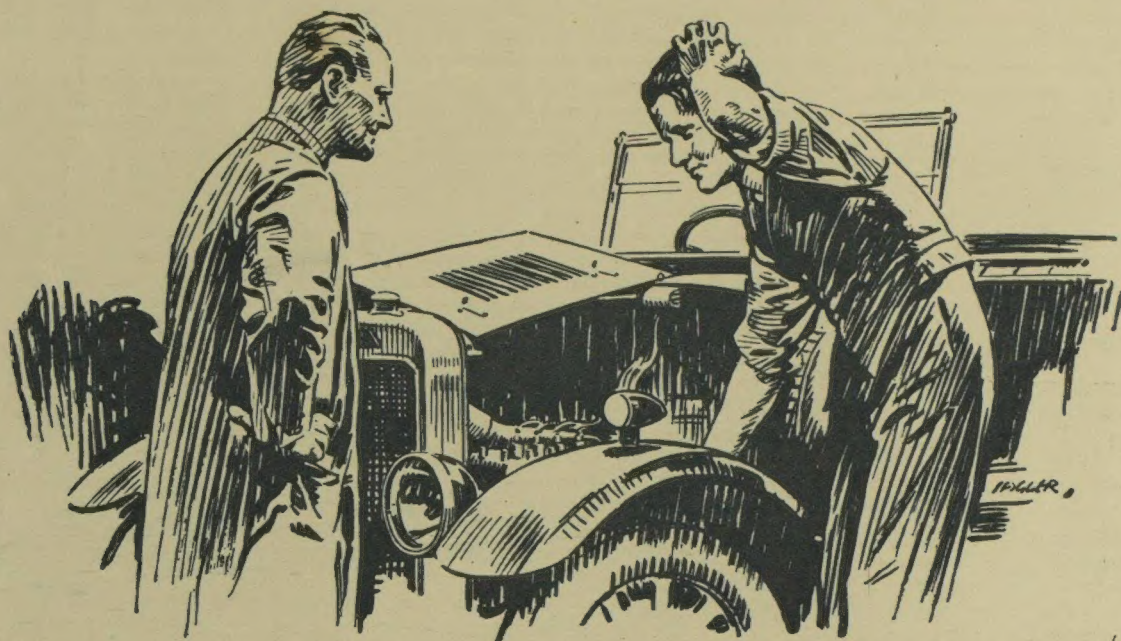
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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

THE SCREEN AND INSTRUCTION.

TO those for whom the word "entertainment" means purely and solely an opportunity for facile laughter or unthinking emotionalism, the educational film may sound alarming. Yet I imagine there are but few film-goers who have not yielded to the fascination of those nature films which reveal the secrets of plant and animal life. One remembers the tremendous battle of the ants, in which the armies of two camps met and fought on the bridge that spanned their frontiers. Their tactics, so human in conception and realisation, their martial spirit, the reorganisation of the victorious community, all this—valuable lesson as it is—remains in one's memory because of its picturesque presentation upon the screen. How many of us knew that a ladybird will survive hours of immersion in water, until the screen showed us one of these dainty insects, apparently drowned for good and all, slowly returning to life, gradually unsealing its outer armour, gradually unfolding its gauzy inner wings, until it rose in triumphant flight, a veritable Phoenix of the flood? That a dull and earthbound caterpillar ends its brief life as a gay and flighty butterfly is, of course, a matter of common knowledge; but its various stages of existence, its retirement into the cloisters of the cocoon, and its return to the wicked world—a process familiar enough to the naturalist—have been far more plastically put before a far wider public by the film-maker than could be done by the printed word, however ably illustrated. And from the tiny denizens of the insect world we proceed to the big game of the many travel pictures that have familiarised us with the habits of the elephant, the giraffe, the lion and the buck in their jungle and forest homes. Cherry Kearton and his fellow travellers have, by dint of their infinite patience, their undaunted courage, allowed us to gaze through the pleasant peephole of the screen on that strange, motley crew of animal visitors that slake their thirst at some hidden water-hole in the comparative cool of an African evening. Do we not owe a delicious intimacy with the plump and humorous penguin to the pictures that Ponting and others have brought back from the great White South?

Nor can it be denied that travel-pictures have done and are doing an immense amount of spade-

work with regard to geographical knowledge. The average English boy or girl—or woman or man, if it comes to that—is, I venture to say, remarkably ignorant on the subject of geography. In spite of England's far-flung colonies, which might reasonably be supposed to interest the youth of Great Britain, geography remains to the majority a dry-as-dust compilation of names. Yet the atlas, perused with imagination, is one of the most engrossing studies. Well, the film-makers are hard at it all the time, giving us a page or two of the atlas vitalised by imagination. Intrepid airmen, motorists, and mountaineers blaze a trail by air or land to remote countries and lofty mountain peaks, that we may follow comfortably and profitably in their wake. And a little of their knowledge, some inkling of the wonders they have seen, is bound to stick in the mind of the pleasure-seeking public.

All this is well, but might it not be still better? Is there not another subject that most youthful eyes look upon as dry-as-dust, and in which the majority of us are lamentably deficient? It seems to me the educational film might be far more active than it is in fostering a knowledge of history. History, that between the covers of the customary school-book is so apt to lose all glamour in a welter of dates, should surely come to its own with banners flying and trumpets blaring on the magic surface of the screen. What subjects, as yet untouched, lie ready and waiting for the producer's hand in England's history! What records of high courage and tragic cowardice, of human achievement and human failure! But let its pages be put before us accurately—that is the point. It has often struck me that producers, dealing with historical romances, shuffle their cards in such a manner as to suit themselves, forgetting not only that one puff of knowledge can topple their pretty castles to the ground, but also that they are spreading a distorted idea of certain plain facts of history.

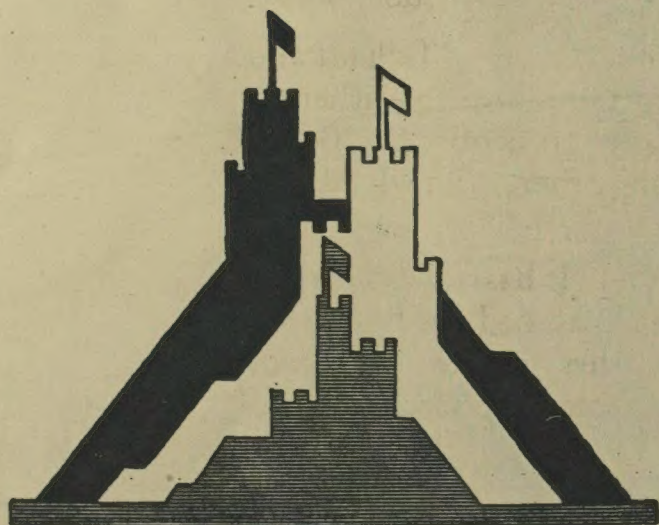
Whilst these little readjustments—shall we call them?—are not, perhaps, individually important, why should they exist at all? Is it to make the story more picturesque or more palatable? The producer who gives us the stark cruelty of such films as "Nanook of the North" or "Primitive Love," will undoubtedly tell the squeamish that truth is truth, and that it is good for us to know how our fellow creatures carry on the struggle for existence. If we accept that dictum, it is only logical to insist on

accuracy in historical films. In those that have gone under that name so far, a poetical license has been exercised which makes them more or less unreliable as historical documents. Yet I believe they would not have suffered from the showman's point of view had they adhered more closely to historical facts.

In this belief I am strengthened by the tremendous appeal, the undeniably dramatic quality, of "The Ypres Salient" and "Zeebrugge." Those two films proved up to the hilt that a chapter of history can be unfolded on the screen, duly documented and dated, in such a fashion as to hold the attention of the audience from beginning to end, and to stir its deepest emotions. Let us have pages of history that do not owe their air of accuracy entirely to the dress-designer and the perruquier. Let us feel that from an hour or two of pomp and pageantry and the pictured progress of historical events, we have culled valuable facts, and that the producer who has sought the fertile field of history for his material has actually added to our information as well as to our entertainment.

His Majesty the King of Spain honored Mr. J. C. Vickery (who holds a Warrant of Appointment to his Majesty) with a visit to his new showrooms, 145-147, Regent Street, on July 10, and made several purchases.

A booklet brightly written in dialogue and diary form has just been issued by the Canadian Pacific describing a short and inexpensive holiday and life aboard a liner in the Tourist Third Cabin, the new service which has been introduced on Canadian Pacific vessels to meet the requirements of those desirous of visiting Canada and the United States at the smallest cost consistent with comfort and good service. Deck games, dances, concerts, etc., are arranged on board, and separate public rooms as lounge, dining and smoke rooms, etc., are provided. The short Canadian Pacific sea route is taken of some four days' open sea, followed by a delightful sail up the St. Lawrence River to Quebec and Montreal, where passengers are relieved of the formalities of the immigration authorities. The booklet, which is well illustrated, may be obtained post free on application to the Canadian Pacific Railway, 62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.1.



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RADIO NOTES.

IN view of the success of the recent simultaneous double broadcast tests from London station, it is to be hoped that by next winter listeners may be able to select alternative programmes from the one station by the simple adjustment of the receiver controls. The tests consisted of speech transmitted via the Marconi House aerial in the Strand, on a wave-length of 460 metres, whilst at the same time dance music was transmitted via the Oxford Street aerial on the usual 365 metres. At a distance of about six miles, with three valves in use, an indoor aerial, and a gas-pipe earth, the writer found it quite easy to tune in the two transmissions, one after the other, without interference from either. On the writer's set, the 365 metres wave-length comes in when the two condenser dials are at 60 deg. The other wave-length (460 metres) came in with the dials turned to 120 deg. Thus by a slight turn of the dials from the one setting to the other, one concert could be tuned out and the other tuned in. As a matter of fact, however, both stations could be made to clash when the condensers were deliberately turned to a position about midway between the correct settings for the respective wave-lengths. Some listeners may object to two wave-lengths issuing on similar power from one station, for

the reason that the higher wave may prevent foreign stations from being tuned in; but it will be agreed by many listeners that, apart from the novelty of picking up foreign stations, the programmes of the latter are usually of less interest than our own stations, and are often spoiled either by Morse code or by tight reaction.

In regard to reception of the two waves on crystal sets, inquiries tend to show that many crystal-users were unable to tune in one wave without some interference by the other wave. The tuning of the majority of crystal sets is done with the aid of a single coil with a switch connected to tapping studs; by a variometer; or by a sliding contact which runs along the coil. In the early days of wireless, amateurs were not satisfied with such crude means for tuning and "sifting" one station from another. They found that by the use of two coils—a "primary" coil and a "secondary" coil, one sliding within the other—a greater refinement of tuning was possible, thus permitting one of two incoming transmissions to be tuned in or out as desired. The good old "loose-coupler," as the double-coil set was called, is worthy of consideration by listeners whose present receivers may be unselective. Certainly, there is a trifle more manipulation and judgment required than is the case with a single-coil set, but the improved results would make the change worth while.

Many good things are promised by the B.B.C. in the near future. This Sunday, July 25, the beautiful sounds of the carillon of Loughborough War Memorial will be heard relayed from Birmingham Station. The bells of Croyland Abbey will be broadcast via London on Sunday, Aug. 1. On Tuesday next, at 7.40 p.m., London will broadcast the first instalment of a serial, "The Villa Rose," by A. E. W. Mason. The remaining instalments, four in number, will be read nightly until the story is completed.

During this year's meeting of the British Association the Prince of Wales will deliver a speech on Aug. 4 at the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, and the Prince's voice will be transmitted from all stations. On Tuesday, Aug. 3, a radio play based on the days of Cromwell and his Roundheads will be broadcast for the first time from London station with the aid of special "effects." During the play, listeners will seem to accompany two horsemen on a long journey.

At the end of June, radio licenses numbered 2,076,000. It is interesting to note that in June 1925, 31,311 licenses were issued by the Postmaster-General, whilst in June 1926 no fewer than 57,512 were issued. It is more than probable that the latter figures are attributable to the recent General Strike, when newspapers were scarce, and wireless was the chief means by which the public could be informed of latest developments.

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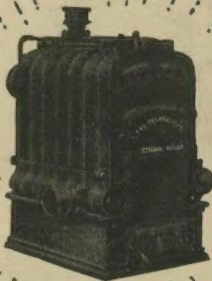
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